

*School of Religion*

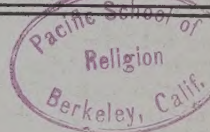
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# The American Friend

Old Series  
Vol. XXXVII, No. 20

MAY 15, 1930

New Series  
Vol. XVIII, No. 20



## The King's Messenger

EDITH LOMBARD SQUIRES

## The Pacific Area

A. I. NEWLIN

## What About Black America?

H. W. PEET

## Woman's New Challenge

GERTRUDE DUDLEY

## Thoughts From House- cleaning

MARJORIE HILL ALLEE



## ON THE HORIZON OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

### DEFICIENCY APPROPRIATION HELPS INDIANS

Appropriations for Indians of \$1,100,000 in the Urgent Deficiency Bill have been agreed upon by the House and Senate. This appropriation will make possible almost 34 cents a day for food for Indian children in government boarding schools. This is three and one-half cents per day below the minimum required for proper nourishment according to a board of experts who studied this question, but is a great improvement over the allowance of 20 cents on which the schools have been working. Fifty Thousand Dollars of the amount is for clothing, which is entirely inadequate for the needs. One hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars for the purchase of milk cows promises an adequate supply of milk for all schools. The appropriation also makes possible the employment of enough labor at the schools to relieve the children of work they have been doing under the name of industrial training, which was really child labor. Many improvements in equipment and furniture at the schools that were very badly needed are provided for.

### JAPAN IS STIRRED BY CHRISTIANITY

Dr. William Axling, writing about the Kingdom of God movement launched under the direct inspiration of Kagawa, says: "The Central Committee is keenly alive to the fact that it has undertaken a crusade, the object of which can only be realized as God is allowed to break in with power upon the Christian forces of this nation and of the nation as a whole, and it earnestly craves the prayers of its colleagues in Western lands. It is only two months and a half since the campaign was launched, but already sixty District Committees have been organized throughout the empire and most of these committees are aggressively planning for campaigns in their local cities and areas. Preparatory meetings have already been held in twenty different cities. The *Campaign Weekly* has been launched and 20,000 copies are being issued. It is hoped to raise this, eventually, to 100,000. Both the American and the British Bible Societies have been prevailed upon to issue special campaign editions of the New Testament, which are selling for ten sen a copy. Posters for local campaigns, and literature for the training of Christians and for follow-up work with Inquirers has been prepared. The Campaign Message to the nation has been broadcast through the native press. Although many of the pastors and the rank and file of the churches, in large numbers, must yet be mobilized for this movement, it is firing the imagination and securing the cooperation of the Christian forces such as no other Christian movement heretofore has done."

### SMALL DECREASE IN LYNCHING SHOWN

In its eighth annual Honor Roll of states free of lynching, the Commission on Race Relations of the Federal Council of Churches shows that forty-three states had a clean record in 1929. While this number shows no increase over 1928, when forty-three states were similarly recorded as free of the lynching evil, it shows a decided increase in comparison with the second year of the keeping of the Honor Roll, 1923, when only thirty-nine states were free. The Honor Roll shows a total of ten lynchings during 1929. New Mexico, which dropped from the Roll in 1928, has been restored, and Florida, Kentucky and Tennessee have been removed because of lynchings in 1929. The number of lynchings for 1929 shows a reduction of one since 1928, when there were eleven victims. Of the ten persons lynched in 1929, four were in Florida, one each in Kentucky and Tennessee, one in Mississippi and three in Texas. Three of the victims were white and seven Negro. According

to the 1929 records of Dr. Monroe N. Work of Tuskegee Institute, there were twenty-seven instances in which officers of the law prevented lynchings, three in northern states and twenty-four in southern states. In twenty-four of the cases the prisoners were removed or the guards augmented or other precautions taken. In three other instances, armed force was used to repel the would-be lynchings.

### PLANS TO HELP CHINA FAMINE RELIEF

Under a bill introduced in the House by Representative Summers, Republican, of Washington State, the Federal Farm Board revolving fund would be drawn on to purchase \$75,000,000 worth of flour for shipment to famine regions of China. The bill provides that the Chinese government repay the amount within ten years. If you favor this it will help it along if you will write your Congressman, urging prompt action. Legislation has been pending in the Senate at Washington, D. C., for some time to appropriate \$25,000,000 for the purchase of wheat for distribution in China. Up to the present writing no action has been taken. A letter to your Senator at Washington, calling attention to this meritorious bill, might speed action. It has been estimated that by May, 3,000,000 of the 6,000,000 Chinese in the famine districts will have died. The famine is said to be the worst ever known in the history of the globe.

### AUSTRALIAN AMAZED AT PROHIBITION HERE

Arnold J. Thomas, a prominent business man of Australia, on his first visit to America has been making a study of prohibition conditions and on his arrival in Chicago told Charles R. Jones, Chairman of the American Business Men's Prohibition Foundation, that he was amazed at the prohibition situation in the United States as compared to his native land. He comes from a country where they are battling to be "dry" to a country where a battle is being waged to make it "wet." "From the hour of my arrival in Seattle, March 29, I have spent considerable time in the large western cities, including San Francisco, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City and Denver, studying evidences of liquor drinking and selling in hotels, restaurants, stores and shops to discover to what extent drinking men were in evidence in the centers of population. The most startling impression on me was the complete absence of liquor advertising, liquor displays and open saloons, which we have in such abundance in all the principal cities of Australia. I had expected to find liquor solicitations on every hand through bell-hops and waiters, subtle and sly, of course, but I did not come upon a single instance of attempts to bootleg liquor to me, not even in Chicago, about which I have heard such terrible things. Evidences of prosperity and happiness appeared universally wherever I have been. Your total absence of 'slums' in the sense we know them in Australia was very significant. In Australia we are still passing through the throes of a desperate conflict with a completely legalized liquor traffic, entrenched in business, industry and politics, and wielding extraordinary power and influence, backed by gigantic funds, which have been piled up from the pockets of its victims. We are fighting on for freedom in Australia. No matter how poorly you may think your national prohibition is being administered in America, I can assure you that your achievement is a wonderful realization of progress. The advertising of the 'wets' in Australia conveys to their readers the most unfair testimony regarding your national prohibition experiment. This I have found out through my personal investigation and observation while in America."



# THE AMERICAN FRIEND

AUTHORIZED BY THE FIVE YEARS MEETING OF FRIENDS IN AMERICA

WALTER C. WOODWARD, Editor

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## EDITORIAL

### The Christian Church and the Proposed Tariff Law

ALTHOUGH we do not consider it the province of a religious journal to discuss "politics" as such, when political and economic questions impinge upon moral and humanitarian areas and involve the peace and good will of the world, we deem it not only the privilege but the duty of the religious press to give them attention. As it now seems to be shaping up preparatory to final action, the Hawley-Smoot Tariff bill certainly comes within this scope. It is generally admitted to set a new mark in a "tariff of abominations." So far have the tariff mongers departed from the ideas and purposes of President Hoover that it virtually defies the Administration and the latter's concern for the public welfare. If he would but have the courage to veto it, he would again stand forth as a great humanitarian who puts people before politics.

In the first place, this log-rolling bill, if enacted, will effect a general rise in the cost of living of the American people. The excuse for the Fordney-McCumber Tariff of 1922 was that it was an emergency, post-war measure. It is estimated that to the huge burden imposed upon the unprivileged by that law, the present bill adds an annual burden of a thousand million dollars. The theory of the protective tariff is that it fosters infant industries, stimulates manufactures and indirectly benefits the consumers. We were raised on this doctrine, the contention being that if the tariff were high enough we would never see the righteous begging bread! But the infant industries have become our masters and now they would put their hands into the pockets of the American people and exact tribute. It is a case in which "they who can, take." In general, there has been a grand field day of trading in which practically all the "interests" seem to have got pretty much what they want. Everybody appears to have been considered but the American family. The fact that such robbery is legalized in the guise of legislation does not make it less reprehensible. Nothing that affects so vitally the well being of men and women and children can be foreign to the interest of the Church. The latter will be recreant to its trust if it allows this abuse to go through without protest.

In the second place, if this bill becomes law it will obstruct friendly trade relations with other countries and cloud international good will. On one hand, we demand of European countries that they pay the war debts they owe us, but on the other hand we put up

a tariff wall against the goods with which they must pay those debts. When France or some other country enacts tariff legislation unfavorable to certain of our products, what a clamor of protest is raised! How long shall we continue to act as if the United States is a law unto itself in these matters? It is an old axiom that he who would live must let live. Its principle has never been abrogated, and whoever violates it, whether man or nation, may expect to reap the consequences.

It is our deep conviction that Friends should concern themselves over this issue and speak vigorously to their representatives and senators in Congress. Looking to the past, we pay tribute to the humanitarian work of John Bright and to the moral courage which characterized his statesmanship. It will be well for us to remember that his first great achievement, in company with Richard Cobden, was the repeal of the iniquitous tariff laws of England which taxed the food of the poor people for the benefit of the rich and ruling class. His championship of the human weal against selfish privilege was none the less a moral and a religious crusade because it was carried on in the field of politics and economics. Conditions in England a century ago and in this country today are not closely analogous, to be sure, but the underlying principle in both cases is the same. It remains to be seen whether the same social passion for the general welfare animates Friends in the Twentieth Century that flamed in John Bright in the Nineteenth.

### From Absurdity to Absurdity

A SOFT-VOICED, mild mannered gentlewoman was denied the privilege the other day in a Federal Court in New York of becoming a citizen of the United States. On what grounds? Was she suspected of any moral turpitude or of some secret conspiracy to overthrow the government? No, she was refused citizenship papers because of her conviction that killing people is incompatible with the teachings of Christ. This Canadian woman, Miss Marie Averill Bland, is a nurse, devoting her talents to the service of saving and conserving life. Moreover, in her case it was not a mere hypothetical question as to what she would do in the event of war. In the last war she was at the front nursing *American soldiers*, and said she would do the same thing should war come again. This record of heroic service, together with the manifest



evidence of noble Christian character, was brushed aside because she would not agree to bear arms against an enemy. "What is your personal religion?" asked the Judge. "My religion? It's hard to explain. It's living according to the ethics of Christ." "Your religion is different from the interpretation of the ma-

jority of the people," retorted the Judge. "It probably is," replied Miss Bland. And so another absurdity in the name of the Constitution has been added to the tragedy of errors interpreting the requirements of citizenship in a country which has signed a solemn treaty to renounce war.

## Thoughts Brought by Housecleaning

BY MARJORIE HILL ALLEE

THE world's population may be divided into three parts: those who never clean house, those who clean house and put everything back into the closets and boxes from which they came, and those who clean house and throw away or give away a large and miscellaneous heap. I myself belong to the latter class, and everything I shall say in this article is probably influenced by that fact.

It seems to me that there are many more of us who systematically discard than there were twenty years ago. Horror of accumulation and clutter is apparently a modern phenomenon, or perhaps the recurrence of one so old that we have forgotten it. My grandmother rejoiced in the accumulation of almost anything; she cherished each separate item of bag and mattress and old chair jealously in her memory, and woe to the person who, weary of shifting and dusting an unused article, grew bold enough to dispose of it. From her invalid's chair, proceeding through a relentless inventory, Grandmother soon sensed that something was missing and demanded an accounting for it. Sometimes the article could be retrieved at the last minute from the back of the wagon about to start for the dump heap, but sometimes it had vanished irrevocably, and then at intervals for days and months we were reminded of the many uses to which it might have been put in the hands of people who really understood the value of property.

Very likely that was the attitude to be expected of a person who had grown up in a pioneer country, with few possessions and those hard come by. So long as stick or thread remained it must be kept and, if possible, made over into something of use.

"Willful waste makes woeful want, and I may live to say 'Oh, how I wish I had the crust that once I threw away!'"

When Grandmother came at last to a state of prosperity and a stage of general civilization in which it was easy to get a new chair if one wore out and to buy carpet at the store instead of weaving it from rags, then it was too late to change the point of view of a lifetime, and she clung automatically to possessions that could neither be used again or given proper care.

The present generation is influenced strongly in the other direction by at least two factors. The first was the steady reiteration of wartime that was wicked to keep unused food or clothing or other comforts, so long as there are other people who have not enough. Those of us who were thus trained cannot see a pair of outgrown stockings lying idle in a drawer without a guilty feeling. There must be somebody who needs those, we think; and if we cannot find any one, give them to the Salvation Army!

The second is the enormously increased production of all kinds of articles nowadays. I am no economist, and I cannot even guess at the complication involved there, but consider this instance: There used to be people who kept their old newspapers. And then imagine the state of your attic and cellar and probably the garage also if you were to keep all your newspapers for the next ten years. I once knew a man who set himself to save all his copies of the *New York Times* during wartime; when they finally became too much for him he gave

them up, they were stacked between two trees in his yard like cordwood. We are used to buying with the expectation of throwing away. It may not be a complete waste that is involved; the old papers may serve to cover a shelf or wrap a fruit can, or they may bring a worn-down nickel from the junkman, and the paper be pulped somewhere to make fresh paper; but there is no expectation of keeping it for reading.

The question is a little more than that involved in the taking up of space by unused articles. It is one of cleanliness, of moths in woolens and silverfish in books and pictures; and of unnecessary effort and care that had much better be put on something else. With this in mind I try to separate the things which I expect to use again from those which I am sure are only a kind of moraine from the glaciers of past activities; it is a year round principle, and the special theme of my annual spring scouring descent from attic to basement.

We are now about to catch sight of our moral, hoping by this leisurely approach to surprise it in its natural attitude, and not belligerently waiting to have its picture taken. And it is this: Would it not be an excellent thing to have an annual housecleaning of one's intellectual, moral and religious beliefs, after the same fashion as more material objects, sorting them into the useful and the merely accumulated?

The minds of many of us must resemble little back sheds, filled with odds and ends of mental furnishings, which we, perhaps with good reason, thoroughly dread hauling out into the sunlight and inspecting, if indeed such an enterprise ever occurs to us. When a new belief attracts us we open the shed door and chuck it in among the others and then close the door and go away.

There is considerable doubt in my mind whether the articles of such an unused collection can be called beliefs at all, however we may cherish the delusion that they are. There has never been a definition of a belief that so suited me as Dr. Cabot's "What Men Live By." A real belief is something that matters enough so that it is kept out and used like a favorite rocking chair. It seems to me that it would be wholesome for most people to consider perhaps once a year just which of what they call their beliefs they can honestly say they live by. I suspect that more than one would find that his convictions were chiefly planted on the rock of the superiority of the Ford engine, or the necessity of good plumbing, or the obvious advantages of possessing ten thousand dollars more than one's next door neighbor. On these beliefs he acts, and that is more convincing proof than any number of repetitions of the Apostles' Creed.

And here I must say that the trend of this admonition does not proceed as you are thinking it does. If, on examination, you find that money or automobiles or bathtubs are of importance to you and the communion of the saints is not, do not attempt to dodge the fact in shame; recognize, if you can, without feeling either very clever or fallen into sin. It is possible that for many people the communion of the saints, which is for others a glorious phrase of much meaning, will never be more than mere words; if that is so they might as well clear out the place where it has been lying in idleness



and give its room to some belief which they really practice. A tangle of old, unused beliefs can be a menace; there are mental moths and moral dusts infesting them which tend to creep on and infest others that could still be used.

Do not be alarmed if the remaining picture is of a sparsely filled closet. Closets have a way of filling so fast that it sometimes seems they reach out arms and draw everything in. The old parable of the seven devils coming into the swept and garnished room to take the place of one devil expelled has also its reverse; a good, sound, living belief attracts like company. You believe sincerely in Model A; do you not, also, perhaps, believe sincerely in children and their rights? Examine yourself and see if you can act on that belief. And what else have you, on inspection?

I make these illustrations rather concrete, because it is less easy to fool ourselves about them than about the magnificent theses hidden back of the more generalized phrases of our religious vocabulary.

In the new young Friends paper, *The Quest*, a writer urges us to stop saying "the kingdom of God upon earth"; to find out what we mean by the phrase and say that explicitly. If we mean socialism, say socialism; if we mean Utopia, say Utopia. He feels that while we may experience a warm religious glow when we say "the kingdom of God" we seldom trouble to define what, if anything, we mean by it, and thus it is no longer a living belief.

We might question as searchingly "the brotherhood of man." A very great many people use the phrase and think they be-

lieve in the idea, but to what degree? The brotherhood of all men that are clean and well; or of the same color of skin; or the same language? The niece of one of our distinguished social workers remarked once, "Auntie loves the poor, but how she does hate people with red plush furniture!" Would it not be honest and useful to confront the phrase boldly and find out how far we live by it and how far we only keep it around, just as my grandmother kept a jar of old umbrellas largely reduced to ribs and handles?

I am not offering on any account to attend to the mental housecleaning of any other soul, nor to suggest what he should or should not clear out or keep. I have enough to do with my own; and more than I always keep done. Neither am I saying that any belief should be discarded merely because it is old; old things are often the soundest, which is why they last into old age. Furthermore, I realize that there are many people to whom it is a comfort to keep possessions that seem unnecessary to me, just as it was a comfort to Grandmother to store away certain articles whose association value was to her high. There is a type of mind like the Catholic church, always accumulating, never throwing away. For myself a continual selection seems necessary if I am to feel any degree of spiritual comfort and health. Sometimes I find it necessary also to retrace my steps and pick up some principle once discarded as of no apparent use; but I seldom regret having let it go until it was really needed, and curiously enough, it never seems damaged by neglect, but often enhanced in value.

Chicago, Illinois.

# The King's Messenger

BY EDITH LOMBARD SQUIRES

## Characters:

JEREMIAH SCROGGINS, OLD MOLL, ELIZABETH SHATTUCK,  
GOVERNOR JOHN ENDICOTT, MAJOR GENERAL DENISON,  
SAMUEL SHATTUCK, CAPTAIN RALPH GOLDSMITH.

*Scene—A Square, facing the docks in Boston in 1661, early on a frosty autumn morning. A lighted lantern hangs from the wall at back, showing a bench beneath it. On the bench, Elizabeth Shattuck sits asleep. She wears her Quaker bonnet and is closely wrapped in a long grey cape. Near her and to the right is another bench where Old Moll lies curled up—she stirs and moans, as if waking. In the distance, a watchman can be heard calling—"Six o'clock of a frosty morning—all's well—all's well. Six o'clock of a frosty morning—all's well—all's well."*

JEREMIAH SCROGGINS (*entering from the left and still calling*):  
Six o'clock of a frosty morning—all's well—all's well.

(*His swinging lantern lights up the Square and shines on Old Moll. She sits up, her grey hair flying in all directions, her ragged dress disclosing patches of skin; she turns her head from side to side, groaning and sighing dolefully. Jeremiah stops in front of her.*)

Now what be you a-blubbering for, Old Moll?

OLD MOLL: All night on this hard bench—O—I be stiff—After the stocks—O—O—and whipping-post.

JEREMIAH (*contemptuously*): Good medicine for witches (*turning towards Elizabeth*), Quakers, too.

OLD MOLL (*looking at Elizabeth*): The poor, sweet soul—now she be waking, too.

(*Elizabeth opens her eyes, sits up straighter and pulls her cloak more closely about her.*)

JEREMIAH (*to Elizabeth and pointing right with his thumb*):  
Yonder's the ship—they say thy man is there.

ELIZABETH (*jumping up wide awake*)

Indeed 'tis true, and 'tis today they land.

They came on First Day, but the Captain said,

"No landing till tomorrow." Moll and I

Have watched and dozed and waited all night long.

JEREMIAH (*sneering*): On First Day, say you—saucy Quaker talk.

Thy man will find cold comfort when he comes—

Aye, hanging's far too good for such as he,

And mind you not of what the Governor said—

"This Samuel Shattuck, this accursed Quaker,

Is banished to Barbadoes evermore

And never to return"—mark that—mark that,

"On pain of death," he said. And yet thy man,

Thy foolish, headstrong man, is back once more

To run his head into the Governor's noose.

(*Elizabeth is silent, looking down.*)

OLD MOLL: Thy tongue is over long and over loud.

JEREMIAH: Be still, old beldame, or I'll whip thee well;

If I had time I'd make thy old bones ache,

For witches and foul Quakers I despise—

But morning's here, the lanterns must go out.

(*He blows out the lantern he carries, then takes the lantern from the wall, blows it out also and hangs it up again; then goes out right calling*) Six o'clock of a frosty morning—all's well—all's well. (*His voice dies away in the distance.*)

OLD MOLL: Thy man will land today?

ELIZABETH: My man will land. (*She sits down again on the bench.*)

OLD MOLL: And then what will he do?

ELIZABETH: Trust in the Lord—for we are in His hands.

OLD MOLL: How came he back?



ELIZABETH: I know not—but I know

That God is with him and has brought him back.

OLD MOLL: They say I be a witch and yesterday  
They whipped me and I lay long in the stocks;  
But they *hang* Quakers. Change thy faith, I pray—  
Thou art too young and fair to think of hanging,  
And thy good man must change—'tis swiftly done.

ELIZABETH: Old Moll, a Friend is faithful, brave and true,  
And changeth not through prison, fire and sword.  
**My man and I will suffer—and we must.**

OLD MOLL: My old heart aches for thee, Elizabeth.  
Thou art too young to suffer fire and rope.

ELIZABETH (*rising and going over to Old Moll—she lays her hand kindly on her shoulder*):

I fear not death. Old Moll, thee is my friend,  
Thy heart may lead thee to be Quaker yet.

OLD MOLL (*taking her hand and kissing it*):  
Thou art the salt of all this barren earth.  
Come with me now, I have a basket hid  
And there's a bit of bread for you and me.

ELIZABETH: For just a moment—then I will return  
To watch lest my dear man come from the ship.  
(*They go out together at left. Governor Endicott and General Denison enter at right.*)

ENDICOTT: Think you this Samuel Shattuck hath returned?

DENISON: They say he's on the ship—that he will land.

ENDICOTT: 'Tis unbelievable; if it be true,  
How came he from Barbadoes to this ship?  
This ship has come from England with its load  
Of thrice accursed Quakers and their brats.  
Had I my way this country would be cleansed  
And not a single Quaker left unhung.

DENISON: This Shattuck runs his head into the noose.

ENDICOTT: And he shall hang, I promise thee, right soon.  
(*Jeremiah enters from the right.*)  
Hey, sirrah, we have waited over long.

JEREMIAH (*pulling his forelock*):  
Your pardon, Excellency, (*to Denison*) noble sir—  
I but put out my lanterns and returned  
As swift as these two feet could carry me,  
To tell thee this foul Quaker lands at once;  
The folk here at the Inn say it be true.

ENDICOTT (*to Denison*):  
Go thou and see if this report be true—  
And meet me quickly, for the moments speed.  
(*Denison hurries out at left. Endicott turns to Jeremiah*):  
Thou mayest go home and break thy morning's fast;  
I'll let thee call the hanging when 'tis time.  
(*Jeremiah goes out left. Endicott follows him slowly and passes Old Moll and Elizabeth, as they re-enter. He stops and looks at them keenly; they both curtsy.*)

ENDICOTT: Art thou Old Moll that yesterday was whipped?

OLD MOLL (*bobbing up and down and curtsying*):  
The same, your Excellency, quite the same,  
Most gracious Governor Endicott, most high,  
Most noble sir—

ENDICOTT (*cutting her short*): Enough. I'll not forget.  
(*Turning to Elizabeth*): And thou art wife to this accursed Quaker?

This Shattuck that lies yonder on the ship?

ELIZABETH (*drawing herself up and looking at him bravely*):  
Your Excellency, I am Shattuck's wife,  
And proud and glad to say I am his wife.  
We both are Quakers, as thou callest us,  
And proud and glad to suffer for our faith.

ENDICOTT (*turning angrily*):  
A pest on all such fools! Thy man shall hang—  
And thou shalt see him hang and wait *thy* turn.

ELIZABETH (*with bent head*): God's will be done.

ENDICOTT: God's will shall be well done,  
And I will do it—I—the Governor.  
Remember, wench, I stand next to the King—  
Only the King's great word is more than mine.  
(*He turns and goes out left angrily.*)

OLD MOLL (*going to Elizabeth and taking her hands pitifully*):  
Fear not, dear heart, and yet thou sooth must fear,  
For is not death, cold death, here at thy door?

ELIZABETH: Nay, Moll, not death but life given by God's hands.  
There is no fear of death, if God be near.

OLD MOLL: Fain would I be a Quaker, for such peace,  
Such joy and hope light up thy lovely face.

ELIZABETH (*joyfully*): Dear Moll, thee is a Quaker, if thee wish—  
The will to be is father to the thought.

OLD MOLL: Then will I learn of thee and be thy friend,  
And mayhap some day be a Quaker, too.

ELIZABETH (*kissing her*): Thee is my friend and shall belong like me  
To this great company of Friends of Christ.  
(*Samuel Shattuck and Ralph Goldsmith enter at right.*)

SAMUEL (*going towards Elizabeth, who has her back turned to him*):  
Elizabeth—dear wife!

(*She turns and runs into his out-stretched arms. He draws her over to the bench at back and they sit down.*)

ELIZABETH (*looking up at him*): And thou art come!  
The Lord be praised—this cruel year is passed.  
But Samuel, I fear for thee—I fear.

SAMUEL: Fear not, dear heart, the Lord is with us still.  
(*Old Moll puts her finger on her lips and smiles and nods at them, then at Ralph Goldsmith, who nods understandingly. She goes out right.*)

ELIZABETH (*putting her hand on his cheek*):  
Thy dear face is as natural as life,  
I cannot yet believe 'tis not a dream.

SAMUEL: Indeed I am no dream but sober truth—(*starting up*):  
But truly, all my manners are at fault—  
Elizabeth, this is my friend and thine—  
Good Captain Goldsmith who hath brought me here.

(*Elizabeth rises and puts out her hand—Captain Goldsmith grasps it cordially.*)

ELIZABETH: Good Captain Goldsmith, thank thee for thy help,  
And all thy loving kindness to my man.  
Thou art a Friend?

GOLDSMITH: Aye, truly, such as thee. \*

ELIZABETH: I thought as much because thou didst not land  
On First Day, but gave thanks to God instead.  
(*Endicott and Denison re-enter at left. They start on seeing Goldsmith and Shattuck.*)

DENISON (*to Endicott*): 'Tis Shattuck.

ENDICOTT: Yes, I know it well—now watch.  
(*As Endicott advances, neither Goldsmith nor Shattuck take off their hats, although they bow respectfully.*)

DENISON (*going up to them and knocking off their hats with his cane*): Have you no manners, sirrah? Stand uncovered.

ENDICOTT (*to Shattuck*):  
So, art thou come to hang in Boston town?  
Thy good wife also, she shall hang with thee.

SHATTUCK (*putting a hand in his breast pocket and drawing out a paper, which he holds out to Denison*):  
Pray give this to the Governor from the King.



DENISON (*taking the paper and glancing at the seals*):

The King! (*He takes off his hat and hands the paper to Endicott, who looks at it incredulously.*)

ENDICOTT (*removing his hat*):

'Tis from the King! And you, King's Messenger!

(*There is a pause. Endicott turns to Denison*):

Pray, General, take Mr. Shattuck's hat

And give it to him that he may stand covered,  
As doth become a messenger of the King.

(*Denison picks up the hat with a very poor grace and hands it stiffly to Shattuck, who puts it on again.*)

ENDICOTT (*tearing the paper open and reading here and there*):

Um—Um—By Mr. Shattuck—What is this?

"If Quakers be among you and condemned

To suffer death or corporal punishment,

The same shall be set free at this same hour—

His Majesty's commands, signed, William Morris."

(*A pause. Endicott turns to Goldsmith*):

Thou'rt Captain Goldsmith?

GOLDSMITH: Yes, Your Excellency.

ENDICOTT: Thy ship may land and all the folk thereon;

It is the King's commands—go—see 'tis done.

(*Goldsmith bows and goes out right. Endicott turns to Shattuck.*)

Thou and thy wife go free—no fault of mine.

Come, Denison, I have affairs of state

Far weightier than these to dwell upon.

(*Endicott and Denison go out right.*)

SHATTUCK (*taking Elizabeth's hands and looking down at her*):

The Lord is with us.

ELIZABETH (*smiling up at him*): Yes, King's Messenger.

CURTAIN.

## A Visit to Dier Gazhani

BY LOUISE STINETORF

"WOULD I like to go to Dier Gazhani? Well, I don't know what or where Dier Gazhani is; but it sounds interesting."

Clara Mary Newsom, myself and a little lunch ready at ten o'clock? We found Willard and Christina Jones at the junction of the Sheik Yusuf and Ram Allah roads, piled into the Mission car, and started north. Along the side of the hill, near the top, ran our road; and as we avoided the top of the car, begged pardon for landing on our neighbors, and tried to keep our tongues well away from our teeth—all because of various rocks of sundry sizes that pass to the unwary and brave for an automobile highway—we looked down upon terraced hillsides of gray olive trees, bright green wheat fields, ghostlike figs, and quickening thorns interspersed with masses of bright colored anemones of all hues, and clumps of star-like cyclamen.

At a turn in the road we came upon a little village of scarcely more than a dozen houses, which does not mean that only a dozen families lived there. Abu Kash—the Father of Straw—has the romantic reputation of having been a robber village before the war. It seems that the chief source of revenue at one time consisted of the unwilling contributions of careless and foolhardy travelers. As they say in the old story books: I could tell you of the adventure of a missionary who accepted the hospitality of the Sheik of Abu Kash one stormy night—but that is another tale.

We passed on through the little village and soon came to a similar one which enjoys a better reputation. And it is just like the honest man in the fairy tale—it is very, very poor. The people seem to have suffered a great deal during the war; and due to avaricious creditors, crop failures, locusts, and sometimes sim-

ple discouragement, have not been able to better their condition a great deal.

On through a vast preserve that the government has set aside in the hope of interesting the people in reforesting the more barren hills, on past fields of wheat and fields of flowers, past olive and fig orchards with an occasional almond tree holding up its huge bouquet of pink flowers for all to enjoy, and past frequent glimpses of the blue Mediterranean stretching far away to the westward, we went until we turned into an even more rocky road leading up to Dier Gazhani.

Willard and Christina Jones, familiar friends of the little folks, were warmly greeted, and a boy was soon found to watch the car. Many times since I have been in Palestine I have been asked to direct a stranger to a certain place; that is my idea of the impossible. One may know the way perfectly himself, but it is pretty difficult to tell another when there are no squares, no signs, little lanes darting here and there, and no street can reasonably be called straight. So we went up and we went down, we climbed stairs, and we slid down where we wished there were stairs, and finally we turned

into a little courtyard with rooms on two sides of it. There we found the teacher and about forty little ones ranging in age from mere babies to about thirteen or fourteen.

It seemed marvelous and rather uncanny the way the children melted out of our sight until the teacher explained that they had all been making dresses in school, and wanted to put them on for Mrs. Jones. In a surprisingly short time they began to return; by ones, twos, and threes they slipped into the room, and the pride that glowed on their faces was pardonable by reason of the pretty, neat dresses they wore. Another thing that pressed itself upon my attention was that while most of the children had had bobbed hair, all, except the very tiniest of the children, were letting it grow. The teacher again explained that it was because the mothers of the village were afraid that they could not get husbands for their daughters if they had short hair.

And then they sang for us, recited pieces in both Arabic and English, read exercises, solved simple arithmetic problems, and did everything that a room of little tots in Palestine or America could do to be gracious to visitors. At the end of their entertainment, Willard Jones was asked to tell them a story; and he responded with the account of the little boy who set out to find an angel and found it in his gray, faded, gingham clad, crippled mother. To make the story realistic he started to apply it to their own lives and asked if their own mothers were not the truest angels. One little girl answered immediately and emphatically, "La!" (No!) Overworked, continually tired, ignorant, and sometimes abused motherhood has little enough of tenderness, and loses that little very quickly. Too, angels are a nebulous

### AS A MAN THINKETH

Whatsoever things are pure,

Whatsoever true,

Whatsoever things are just,

Pleasures without rue;

Any virtue, any praise,

Any good report;

If we find in friend or foe

Good of any sort,

As we reach to apprehend

Worth that wisdom brings,

Let us first and finally

Think upon these things.

HARRIET OLDS HENDERSON.

Washington, D. C.



quantity too often to little girls that must face the most serious facts of life while they are yet children. Among the fellahin, or Palestine peasantry, there is little of "Standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet, womanhood and childhood sweet."

On the way we stopped in a grove of olive trees probably one hundred years old, quite gnarled enough to be patriarchs, and ate our lunch. Later we gathered huge bouquets of anemones, cyclamen, and a few bee orchids. The ground about the trees was covered with a small lavender flower with a quite unpronounceable Arabic name which means the fig of the gazelle; and surely, from the blueish haze of many fields, there are enough of the tiny flowers to pasture all the gazelles in Palestine.

### WEST ELKTON FRIENDS

April was a month of showers of blessings for our meeting, as each Sabbath we endeavored to have special evangelistic services. On April 6, Charles E. Hiatt of Winchester, Ind., General Superintendent of Indiana Yearly Meeting, gave two very impressive talks, and on the 13th and 20th Truman C. Kenworthy of Richmond, Ind., a former Evangelistic Superintendent, gave very instructive messages in both morning and evening services. There were special talks to the children each morning in their school room.

On Friday evening, the 25th, Rev. Frederick McMillan, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio, was present and gave a very inspiring message to a well filled house. The following Sunday, Prof. Ferguson, Superintendent of the consolidated school, gave an interesting address on the "Teachers' and Parents' Opportunity in the Christian Training of Children."

The Sabbath school is progressing under the superintendency of Burnice Emrick. Its influence is far reaching and many are in attendance that are not members of any church. Friends feel that their efforts are very much worth while. The pastor, James Swander, who has been with us six years, is planning to remain another year. He is held in great esteem by the community.

The children enjoyed their annual Easter egg hunt at the home of Mrs. Frank Shafer, south of town. They were in the care of their teachers, Naomi Branson and Stella Emrick.

The Social Workers are a great asset to the church, both socially and financially.

Life is a battle—fight it bravely; life a course—run it eagerly; life a faith-keeping—hold it firmly; but do not think to win righteousness by the battle, by the race, or by your faith-keeping. God will give it to you. It is a free gift.

## The Christian Life

*A Page Devoted to the Quest of Reality and Power in Daily Experience*

*Conducted by Ralph H. Boring*

### THE BOOK EVERYBODY KNOWS

#### IV

#### THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

"The reader must find out for himself what it means." With these words a great Old Testament scholar apologizes for not commenting in detail on the twenty-third psalm. Scholarship can add very little to an understanding of this devotional classic. It helps, to be sure to know something about shepherd life in Palestine (verses 1 to 4) and to be familiar with the significance of the oriental laws of hospitality. (Verses 5, 6.) Probably city dwellers will not be able to recover the full and vivid meaning of the psalm. Dr. Jesse Holmes has been quoted as suggesting the following substitutes for the modern city dweller: "The Lord is my automobile's low gear to help me in climbing hard hills. The Lord is my antiseptic in times of dangerous epidemics. The Lord is my dynamo to charge my run-down batteries. The Lord is sunlight in my room bringing me the health of ultra-violet rays." But in the end the meaning of the psalm depends upon the creative imagination of the reader and the depth of religious experience which he brings to it. All attempts to modernize its figures of speech will be of little avail because it is neither an exhortation nor an argument but a confession of faith. To the shallow it will never seem more than a pretty picture. But "deep calleth unto deep."

One cannot hope to bring forth anything new in commenting on this psalm which is perhaps the best known portion of the Bible. He can only set down some observations which have arisen from a fresh reading of and meditation upon it.

The first observation is, that this psalm is not to be understood as the expression of a naive childlike faith. Though it has a universal appeal to all ages and conditions, it is far more than a child's faith. The serenity and quiet trust of the writer is thrown into high relief by the dark background of the picture. There is as always in the Bible a high degree of realism here. The psalmist is keenly aware of the tragic contrasts which life opposes to all these values. He knows what it means to feel helpless and hopeless and in want. He is acquainted with the blazing sun and the parched and thirsty land. He has been

hungry and thirsty. Crooked, stony paths have tested his endurance and baffled his judgment. He has been spent in body and spirit, appalled by the valley of deep darkness, in panic before his enemies. He has been tempted to doubt the validity of goodness and loving kindness. We may wish that he had omitted from the picture the table spread "in the presence of mine enemies." It strikes for many a jarring note in the harmony of the psalm. But like discords in a symphony it serves to increase one's desire for the dominant theme. It is out of such experiences that the psalmist sings of his faith. He has been shepherd, fed and rested, renewed in body and mind, guided in straight paths, made courageous, calmed, assured of permanent moral values in the character of God ("for his name's sake") and finally made a guest at God's own table and a dweller in his house.

A second observation has to do with the curious shift in figures of speech which seems to mar the literary unity of the psalm. Verses one to four picture the shepherd and his sheep. Verses five and six picture the host and his guest. Some scholars have attempted to read the whole as a shepherd psalm but their efforts have not been generally accepted. Why did the psalmist not carry his shepherd figure through to the end? Calvin comments thus upon the psalm: "David confessed himself willingly to be a sheep that he might have God for his shepherd." But one wonders. Did the psalmist find the shepherd-sheep relationship not quite adequate to express his relationship to God? There is a place for receptive, almost passive trust, in the religious life, which this analogy so perfectly portrays. But is that enough? We crave not only security but fellowship. In the midst of conflict and burden we long for rest and confidence. But these values do not long suffice. It is only in certain moods that any real man is "willing to be a sheep that he may have God for a shepherd." We aspire to creative fellowship with God. It may be a foolish and vain aspiration but it is rooted in the very nature of man's life. And the Bible from beginning to end witnesses to the reality of this experience, that a man may share cooperatively the mind and the very activity of God. The figure of host and guest, suggestive as it is of dignity combined with intimacy, is not the least successful attempt to put in terms of human relationship the intercourse of the divine and the human spirit. "I will come in to him, and sup with him and he with me."

ALEXANDER C. PURDY.

Hartford, Conn.

Nature's balance is struck only when men and women work together.—DANIEL A. POLING.



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## EDITORIAL COMMENTS

### Peace Through Parity—the Great Illusion

NOTHING is so powerful as an idea whose time has come. So said Victor Hugo, and the trend of events since he said it has often justified his statement. We have perhaps generally interpreted his words as referring to great constructive ideas which have led forward on the highway of civilization. They are also true of ideas which tend to lead from that highway. We have recently had a striking proof that the "time-arrived" idea suggests a rule that works both ways—in the wrong as well as in the right way.

We refer to the idea of "parity," than which perhaps no idea in recent times has proved more fallacious and mischievous. Not many months ago it was widely acclaimed as the morning star of hope, presaging a new era of amity and friendliness between Great Britain and the United States. Not only that, but, to change the figure, it was to prove the master key which would unlock the doors barring the way to international agreements and reduction of armaments. Parity therefore became the international obsession as the London Conference approached. In the light of the little perspective now afforded us, what seem to be the results?

So far as Great Britain and the United States are concerned, the results are mixed. We concede that the adoption of the principle did sweeten up the relationships between the two countries, which had soured considerably following the break-up of the Geneva Conference in 1927. But note the heavy price we are to pay. Instead of bringing us relief from the burdens we are already bearing in the way of naval appropriations, it is estimated that the application of the principle will practically double those burdens. In short, we shall be asked to expend one billion dollars within the next five years in order to secure and maintain parity with Great Britain. Expressing it in another way, we are to demonstrate our newly developed trust in Great Britain by building up a navy able to cope with hers in every particular!

But parity proved to be an idea that could not be isolated as a *modus operandi* between two friendly, English-speaking countries. Its time had come, and what more natural than that it should appeal equally to other nations—even to Italy. If it were the salvation for some countries, why not for others? As a result the London Conference deadlocked so far as a conclusive, five Power agreement was concerned.

Two or three general considerations are pertinent. In the first place, parity is impossible of attainment except in a very general sense. And the Powers at London were not willing to work it out in the spirit of the term "substantial" but insisted on turning it over to naval technicians to be solved in terms of mathematical precision, "gun for gun and ton for ton." Even then, parity has not been secured at all. Back of the

naval estimates are the factors of geography, location, national responsibilities, natural resources and a score of others. Parity in naval strength, fleet for fleet, might easily result in the greatest disparity in national strength and situation. The whole idea is therefore fallacious.

In the second place, when applied in the thoroughgoing way that has been attempted, parity becomes little more than a modern version of the old European "balance of power" idea. It assumes the task of establishing absolute equality in naval strength between nations, either taken individually or in groups, with the idea that since no nation has superiority over others, none will dare break the peace. It is the old and discredited policy of maintaining a peace equilibrium by means of armed equality. It is a precarious balance, so easily disturbed as to be impossible of attainment.

In fine, peace is a thing of the spirit. It cannot be imposed by the might of armies and armaments, even when the magic spell of the euphemism called parity is invoked. Peace is a matter of wholesome public opinion, of sympathetic understanding, of faith and trust, all supported by the machinery of peace in the way of international courts and conferences. Peace and parity are alliterative but may easily become divorced on the grounds of incompatibility.

### Figuring Profit and Loss at the London Conference

FROM the foregoing paragraphs, our general reaction to the London Conference may be surmised. In spite of the fact that it was called in the spirit and purpose of the Paris Peace Pact, it seemed to be more of a war conference than a peace conference. The delegates proceeded on the basis, apparently, that their respective nations were merely signing "scraps of paper" when they affixed their signatures to the treaty renouncing war. Deliberations were conducted in anticipation of war rather than in anticipation of peace. With that kind of an approach and in that kind of an atmosphere, little progress toward reduction of armaments could be expected.

It is with chagrin that we feel that the United States delegation contributed materially to the war psychosis of the Conference. First, in making it plain, in response to the informal overture from Great Britain, that we did not propose under any circumstances to give up battleships. This action was so contrary to the spirit of President Hoover's Armistice Day declaration that it dashed the hopes for the Conference on the eve of its assembling. Second, the deplorable feeler put out by our representatives regarding our being allowed to build a new battleship, gave the morale of the Conference a blow from which it never fully recovered. So says Laura Puffer Morgan, Associate Secretary of the National Council for the Prevention of War, who was present in London as an



observer. And this suggests another development which largely explains the doldrums into which the Conference drifted. In speaking on the results at London before the annual conference of the Indiana Council on International Relations two weeks ago, Mrs. Morgan said that whenever our delegation raised the question of our naval needs, it threw them at once into the hands of the navy technicians, who, as experts and professionals, very generally had their way with our amateur delegates. We have thus had another tragic proof that you can't work out the technique of peace through those who have been trained in the technique of war.

There are some beneficial results to be found on the credit side of the London Conference ledger, however. Those attend-

ing the Conference, both as participators and observers, have come away with a much better understanding of international problems. This is doubtless particularly true of the Americans, for most of whom the Conference must have been a liberal education on European affairs. Although reduction was not achieved, and the limitation secured left much to be desired, the recognition of mutual responsibility for world peace and of the principle of international agreement on armaments is a considerable achievement. We believe that an orgy of competition in naval armaments has been permanently prevented.

On the whole, therefore, we are for the treaty. It is not the kind of treaty that produces crusaders but we believe it to mark a step forward, albeit a short one.

## FRANCE AND SECURITY

BY DAVID M. EDWARDS

SECURITY seems to be an obsession with France, and it is easy to understand why. Those who have difficulty in comprehending what seems to be almost a morbid fear of invasion, will do well to review French history. Such a review will bring once more to the thought the fact that France as a country has been coveted by surrounding nations and that this covetousness has resulted in military activities to satisfy it. It will also be seen that the conduct of France herself towards surrounding nations has not by any means been void of those acts that would be calculated to produce acts of violence in return. During much of her history, France was the best united, most popular and most wealthy of all European countries. Until comparatively recent times, England was much inferior to France, both in population and wealth. Spain remained disunited throughout her history, even during the time of her great expansion in the Western World, her unity coming after she had ceased to be a world power. Both Italy and Germany remained disunited until the middle and latter part of the last century. Thus, while France was the object of cupidity and covetousness, she was as much a part of the character of the national aggrandisement and the prevailing political practices as any of her neighbors.

To explain adequately this security obsession of France, one should go back to the beginning and trace her history with some degree of minuteness. This cannot be done here. Only "samples" can be given. For a considerable stretch of time, Italy was an object of desire on the part of the kings of France, several of whom carried on an almost incessant war of conquest against the city states of Italy. All this was prior, as is well known, to the unification of Italy, which brought the several

city states of that country into a united nation, elevating into national proportions the fear and hatred of France which these states had developed during the long period of French aggression.

Brief reminders will serve to account for the fact, which at first thought is puzzling, of the enmity between France and Italy today, as well as for the further fact that Italy has been for much of the time, since she was unified, allied against France, notwithstanding the fact that the two nations are Latin and Catholic. At the beginning of the World War, Italy was a member of the Triple Alliance with Germany and Austria and it was only by the merest chance that she fought with the Allies and not with the Central Powers. It may well be believed that she did not take this course because of a love for France. She did so because the Allies could offer her more than could the Central Powers and because it seemed more certain that the Allies could win the war. Please mark that I say "offer," for, in the settlement of the Versailles Treaty, the secret promises of England and France, secret, at least, from President Wilson, who refused to agree to

allow them, were not made good. In this matter France was only lukewarm and this did not increase Italy's love for her. This accounts for Mussolini's dislike for France and explains his insistence upon parity of naval strength.

As an explanation of France's fear of Germany, one need only cite the fact of the two invasions of her territory by that country in less than half a century. One finds it difficult, however, to understand why France seems to be as suspicious of Republican Germany as she was of Imperialistic Germany. That there is less reason for suspicion is certainly true. Whatever guilt for the cause of the World War may be laid at Germany's door, and no one informed assesses the total guilt to her, it cannot be charged to the German people. Neither can it be charged to the men now in the management of the affairs of Germany. The guilty have disappeared. Surely the German government is more under the control of the people today than it was in Kaiseristic days! Surely the disarmed Republican Germany is less to be feared than the militaristic Germany of pre-war days! Surely the debt-ridden Germany, with her resources mortgaged for the next two generations, is less likely to become formidable as a military power!

Then too, in endeavoring to assess the reason for France's demand for security, one finds it difficult to explain the failure to attach more value to the instruments of world peace. First, there is the League of Nations. It would be supposed that the terms of the Covenant of the League were almost entirely written for France's benefit. I refer particularly to those articles dealing with the methods of taking care of disputes between nations without resorting to war and the methods of dealing with a nation that becomes recalcitrant and disobeys these

## AND FOR YOUR CHILDREN?

What will you leave your children when you sleep  
In death's cold corridors before the dawn?  
Will you leave war, whose bloody cohorts creep  
Down blackened lanes where springtime once had gone?  
Will you leave war, whose greedy fingers clutch  
At youth and beauty and turn love to hate?  
Will you look back to see youth with a crutch  
And know that you look back too late, too late?

Here march war's millions down to tortured night—  
Is that the way your child and mine shall go?  
Shall we who love our children see their light  
Grow dim in war's dark agony? Ah no!  
What shall we leave our children when we cease?  
My brothers, O my brothers—leave them peace.

EDITH LOMBARD SQUIRES.



methods. And as the League gains in experience, proficiency and stability these arrangements grow in dependability. Much more might be said about this.

Second, there are the Locarno Treaties. And again, these treaties are surely peculiar to France's needs. It would seem that a statement that Germany would never try to regain territories lost in the World War, by military methods, and that to do so would be a violation of the terms of the League ought to assure France and remove fear.

Third, we cite the Kellogg Pact. It would seem that for more than fifty nations solemnly to covenant to renounce war as a means of national policy would add to France's sense of security. But no one of these nor all of them put together would seem to prevent France from still attaching the principal importance in guaranteeing security to navies and armies, either her own or those of her neighbors.

The background of history helps to understand this, but does not fully satisfy one that France's fears are warranted or her demand for further guarantee justified. If all nations took the same attitude as France, that is, if fears and suspicions prevailed in all nations as they do in France, war would be much more certain. It may not be that the statesmen of France would agree with the statement, in fact it is quite certain they would not do so; but it is quite certain that without the League of Nations, war would long ago have broken out in all its devastating effects. The peace of Europe and consequently of the world is made possible today because President Wilson, an idealist and a most impractical one, many would say, stood like a stone wall at the Council of Versailles, until his pet idea, the League, was assured. Establish as firmly as you please the theory of President Wilson's incapacity to cope with circumstances at the Versailles Council, the fact remains that he is absolutely responsible, and he alone, for the fact that there is in the world today an organization which makes war a great improbability, if not practically an impossibility.

In view of all these things one is unable fully to understand the inordinate fear of France or to justify her demand for security. It can be said even with the fact of the death of Clemenceau in mind that France is more in the hands of the same men that were in power during the war than is any other European country. The implacable hatred of Clemenceau for Germany is well known. This hatred, suspicion and fear at its height during the war and while peace was being made, did not abate one iota up to the time of the death of this startlingly vindictive man. In a series of articles now being published in a great

London daily from the pen of Clemenceau, under the title "The Retrograde Peace," we find the following: "If Germany, still obsessed by her traditional militarism, persists in her 'Deutschland Uber Alles,' Well, let the die be cast. We shall take up the atrocious war where we left it off. We must have the courage to prepare for it, instead of frittering away our strength in lies that no one believes (and here he refers to the peace terms and the instruments for peace), from conference to conference."

### JUGGERNAUT

Here are the ranks of the silent dead,  
Youth lies here sleeping; war cut the  
thread:

Millions on millions in regiments lie,  
Grass guards their passing and sorrow-  
ing sky.

The long years pass and the world has  
forgot—

But we have not—O we have not.

Three generations to stem the flow,  
To gather the whirlwind the war gods  
sow.

Three generations to bear the ache,  
The stifled anguish, the wild heart-break,  
The sacrifice that goes for nothing—  
What is all life but a rag-doll's stuff-  
ing—

Sawdust and bran—yet their red blood  
flowed

Over the winding springtime road—  
Sawdust and bran—and the war god sits  
High on his throne, while his cannon spits  
Death and destruction with yawning  
lips—

Deep into hell the spirit slips—

Death and destruction and hell—what  
more?

Will you let war in? Bolt fast the door.  
A Juggernaut god goes trampling by—  
Will you throw him your heart to tempt  
his eye?

O shame for the greed and the brutal  
lust

That grinds our sons to forgotten dust.  
Is it for this that a mother bears  
Anguish that racks her and grinds and  
tears—

That she may throw this son she bore  
Down under Juggernaut—great god  
war?

And we who suffer the pains of hell  
Must suffer the lust of war as well.

Go down on your knees—yes, I kneel,  
too—

And pray with your heart's blood beat-  
ing through;

Go down on your knees and pray for  
peace,

For when the world prays, then war  
will cease.

Peace—the banner of youth unfurled.

Peace—the hope of a war-scarred world.

EDITH LOMBARD SQUIRES.

Clemenceau is gone, but his spirit lives on in France. Poincare, until a year ago the Prime Minister of France, resigning his office because of ill health, is now coming back into the affairs of his country. His radicalism on the military equipment of France is well known. He is more radical than Clemenceau was. Then there is M. Andre Tardieu, the present Prime Minister. It may have been forgotten, but he was Clemenceau's right-hand man at the Council of Versailles and is the best posted man in France in all the background of the World War and the terms of peace as they affect France. He is a satellite of Poincare and shares that man's opinions completely. M. Briand is less radical, but he is primarily a politician before he is a statesman. The immediate post-war psychology is dominant today in France.

Will there be a change? It must be remembered that France is financially very prosperous, today. So long as this prosperity continues the hope of any change is small. The building of naval equipment, air and military defense is too easy for it to be curtailed or for the real merits of other factors of defence to be evaluated properly. If France had been as "hard up" as England, the results of the London Conference would most probably have been different. However, the arrangement to continue the deliberations between Italy and France under the mediation of Mr. MacDonald is an excellent one and will, it is to be hoped, result in France's finding that her guarantees of security under the instruments of world peace are more to her liking than she had heretofore supposed. Hopes of this outcome are increased by the fact that there is a substantial element in France that does not share in the militaristic spirit that is at present predominant. This element will lift its voice of protest at the proper time.

There is another factor which gives one reason to expect that there will be a change in the attitude of France. If she persists in maintaining conscription, her young manhood will suffer an incalculable handicap as compared with those of surrounding nations that have discounted conscription. Then, too, to continue the large defence program consisting of all sorts of enlarged and enlarging instruments for so called defence, and in particular the increase of her submarine craft, will not tend to elevate the tone of friendship of Great Britain and others of her neighbors.

If France is taking this course because of her fears of Germany, nothing could be more foolish. In addition to the reasons for not fearing Germany, mentioned earlier in this paper, there is the additional one that Germany's attention for the present is eastward where she is confronted by the problems of the Polish



Corridor, Upper Silesia and East Prussia and where the young, vigorous, erratic and somewhat warlike Poland is located, more as a result of France's efforts at the Council of Versailles than because of any other factor.

In view of all these things it is difficult

to acquit France of ambitions regarding Central Europe and the Near East, which are wholly out of step with the spirit of this day. The actual conditions do not justify her fears of invasions and it is more or less a farce for her to advance them as reasons for desiring increased

naval and military equipment. No one takes these statements of fear seriously. Politeness prevents plain statements from the statesmen of other countries. For France to persist in this complex of fear and suspicion will ere long react unfavorably against her.

## WHAT ABOUT BLACK AMERICA?

The Thoughts of a British Visitor.

BY H. W. PEET

I HAVE deliberately chosen the title, "Black America," for this short record of impressions of the Negro in the United States, for one of the chief things that has been brought home to me is that the Negro, first of all, looks upon himself as an American citizen. His interest in Africa is hardly more than that of the average Englishman concerning the land of the Saxon, Norman and Dane from which he has sprung. I doubt whether white America fully understands this. The Negro tried to evidence his American solidarity during the War, and such discontents as he now has—I will not seek to exaggerate them—are largely due to the fact that he feels his citizenship is not sufficiently realized.

On the other hand, there is obviously a general recognition of the arrival of many individual Negroes in cultural matters. Dr. Alain Locke, the first Negro Rhodes scholar; Dr. E. E. Just, the biologist, both of Howard University; Dr. Charles W. Johnson, the sociologist of Fisk; and that saint of science, Dr. George Craver of Tuskegee, are accepted in their respective fields. In music, poetry, literature and the drama no one withholds praise of Mr. Paul Robeson, Mr. Roland Hayes, Mr. Countee Cullen, Mr. Walter White, Dr. Du Bois, and a score more—including some of the wonderful actors in "The Green Pastures"—because they are colored. They are accepted as artists.

Yet Dr. R. Nathaniel Dett, the accomplished composer and conductor of the Hampton Choir, (which we are shortly to welcome in London) told me that at a Washington concert not long ago, an elderly lady exclaimed after watching the girls, "Why, they've all got straight legs!" He found the remark was serious. This lady's ideas of Negro girls and women were based on her acquaintance with those reared in poverty in slavery days, among whom rickets and crooked limbs were common. She had never met an educated Negro, nor had she grasped the rapid progress of the race. I gather her ignorance is not as exceptional as it should be.

Considering that it is only a little over sixty years since Emancipation, I am astounded at the accomplishments of

*The writer is a London Friend and journalist associated chiefly with inter-racial and missionary news, who has been visiting the United States to study the Negro situation and Negro education. In sending us this article he says: "A visitor may make criticisms and statements which may seem too sweeping and which a longer residence might modify. On the other hand, the newcomer, free from prejudices and tradition, may see things ignored by people on the spot, just because they are so familiar."*

colored America, not only of such men as I have already mentioned and of its Booker Washingtons and its Motons, but by so many of its rank and file.

I have had many a talk with students in Negro schools and colleges, and I find little difference in their outlook and interests from those of white students. A group of girls at Atlanta University, for instance, some of whom were training as doctors or missionaries, but most as teachers, cross-examined me about India, the colour bar in England, and whether a bad or good impression of the Negro was created by jazz music. They wanted to know what American poets were read in England, what had happened to Lawrence of Arabia, and how the British Labour Party was progressing.

Everywhere there is a thirst for knowledge and education, and I admire the way in which so many of the rising generation are devoting themselves to teaching. And what wonderful schools they have!—wonderful in the sense of the fine modern equipment. I found, for instance, at Spelman College, in the multitude of courses at Tuskegee, or in the community work of Penn School, on St. Helena Island. And wonderful, too, in the way rural teachers, such as those I have seen in Alabama, Georgia, and the Carolinas, are making the most of the humble buildings and poorest equipment, and the manner they are being aided by Rosenwald Funds and Jeanes Supervisors.

The Negro will not fail the white folk who see that he receives the best education of which he is capable. And that means the best available. And I would

suggest that we white folk in the Old and New Worlds would gain by further extension of the Tuskegee and Hampton spirit and method for our own sons and daughters.

The Negro is progressing fast. But I admit I cannot quite see clearly the economic situation which is likely to arise as he proves his fitness for any job. I share a little the uneasiness of Dr. Mordecai W. Johnson, President of Howard University, that thoughtful and spiritual leader of his race, who said to me, "It is not yet certain if the American people are going to make an economic class system based on race. It is still assumed that the colored man is to be left on the lowest round of the ladder. Labor Unions in general have never yet heartily received the colored man nor endeavored to organize him."

A leading white friend of the Negro race told me, "White labor must frankly recognize that it must organize all the workers on a class basis and not a race basis if a clash is to be avoided." While repudiating entirely anything like "class warfare," I believe this is profoundly true, and especially true in the Southern States. The situation will be greatly eased by the ending of the present economic depression, but harmony, even in prosperity, will only be achieved by a broader outlook than at present obtains on the part of most white workers. The American Federation of Labor is sound in its maintenance of the principle of "no discrimination", but it could very well have a little more missionary enthusiasm in the matter.

I admire the progress in business and professional life being made by the Negro, especially those who live in the North or have migrated thither. Yet I feel the colored man is essentially a child of the sun. Just as white children reared in the tropics are usually inferior in physique and capacity to their parents, there is, I believe, a tendency for some deterioration to overtake the urbanised Negroes of coming generations, raised under cloudy skies, and chilled in spirit as well as body by the rigors of the climate. Doubtless they will adapt themselves, but at the cost, perhaps, of losing something of their spiritual gifts which



many of their own leaders feel is the greatest contribution they have to give to humanity.

The religious spirit in its best sense is still strong in the Negro community. But the younger generation is questioning and searching just as are their white brothers and sisters. "To be bred at Oxford or Cambridge is not enough to make a man a minister of Christ", as George Fox truly said, but I wish there were greater evidence of more of the race giving time to study so that they may become definitely spiritual leaders and teachers.

To encourage and make possible such studies are ways in which white Christians can render great aid to the still very powerful Negro church. As a fine colored man said to me, "The Negro is a man of faith, and because of the suffering he has gone through he goes direct to the centre of faith. If he can be trained before he becomes morally confused, he should become a great infiltration of power to the whole Christian church."

I have been cheered by the work of the agricultural colleges and of such men as Mr. Benjamin Herbert of Georgia State College, and of that fine army of men and women agricultural and home demonstration agents, which should tend not merely to keep their race on the land, but to show that in agriculture not only the finest work for mankind may be accomplished, but in its progress scientifically the finest minds may be developed. And here, too, the white race must learn from the colored.

I do not want to harp on the question of race discrimination, although I have seen much to distress me. I fully realize there are difficulties; but need there be so much unfairness? For instance, if the Negro is charged the same fare on the railway must he not be given as good accommodation? Must the educated and well-behaved always be kept in a state of nervous tension, because of the uncertainty as to how they will be treated while traveling or in public places?

My greatest shock in America was when I traveled one night from a North Carolina city to Richmond, Virginia, by the same train as a cultured colored

teacher—a university graduate, a student of an English college, a worker at the International Labor Office at Geneva, and one with whom I had many white friends in common. I found that not only would it have been impossible to find a restaurant where we could have had breakfast together, but that even if I had done so, it would have been an illegal act. The school Chapel at Hampton has to be declared a private place, so that white and colored may sit together to worship without breaking the law.

When I told a lady working in the office of an organization interested in Negro education that I had been staying with Negro friends, some of whom my wife and I had been proud to entertain in our own home in London, she exclaimed, "You don't mean to say you have slept in their homes and have actually eaten meals with them? I *can't* understand it!"

Nor could I understand her. I found in those Negro homes the same books (or better), the same conversation (or better), the same interests (or wider) that I had met with in many white American homes. I realize at the back of this banning of social intercourse is primarily the fear of intermarriage. I have asked leading members of the colored race what is their attitude to this question. "The question never enters our minds," they frankly stated. And one, at least, added, "The whites look upon us as an inferior race. Well, we have our race pride. We are too proud to marry into a white race that holds such opinions." The question of intermarriage is not one which this generation or the next need consider. When it really does arise it will have ceased to be a "problem."

Discrimination against the Negro as regards the exercise of the franchise is part of the larger question of American politics. Speaking as a friendly observer from another land, I would suggest that the promotion by one or other of the old parties, or of a fresh party which may arise, of a far-reaching new political program would be likely to arouse such a renewed interest in politics that the votes of all citizens, irrespective of color, would be eagerly sought by the contestants for the support or defeat of

the proposed measures. It would be essential, however, that the Negro question as such should not figure as a plank in any such program. He must be a citizen with other citizens.

"I'm afraid a good many of my people like to be petted and treated as children. We must learn self-respect," a very successful Negro business man in Chicago remarked to me. I think he was correct. Increasingly his race is learning to have a proper conceit of itself, but the other attitude often remains.

Hitherto, perhaps, the Negro has been inclined to let the friendly Northern white man be his spokesman. Now he is becoming his own. His inferiority complex (blessed phrase, which we use so glibly when we cannot explain an attitude!) has recently made him often intolerant of mixed white and black staffs at his bigger schools. But there seems a welcome change in the realization that such staffs give a unique opportunity for the races to mix and to get to know one another. But—and rightly—he asks that the white men and women shall be his co-helps, even his leaders; yet not imposed from without, but chosen by himself. Some valiant old workers for the Negro have to learn the hard lesson that in future their part will be to learn to work *with* him.

Co-operation is being finely fostered by the Inter-racial Movement, and its work is one of the most hopeful activities in the United States. The permeation of the spirit it engenders will solve the Negro problem, which is as much a white as a black one. As one Negro doctor said to me, "We can't see our way through. We must live it through." And so, too, must the white race. Matters must not be forced, but the American public, and the Christian public especially, must see that there is steady movement forward.

I share the belief of Dr. Moton, expressed in a talk I had with him at Tuskegee. He said, "I believe God is making of America a great laboratory for working out through the black and the white races the great problem of human relationships. If they can live together in the United States, they can live together anywhere."

## SHALL THE PACIFIC AREA BE PACIFIC?

BY A. I. NEWLIN

WE ARE told that the greatest of all the seas was given the name "Pacific," by a famous explorer, to describe the expanse of peaceful waters spreading out before him. That was four hundred years ago; long before the western powers had clashed seriously with the civilizations along its shores.

If it is true that an individual may sometimes find rest and peace near a roaring cataract, it is just as true that some of the most burning international problems are to be found around a so-called peaceful sea. And is it not an irony of fate that the very point, from which the great explorer looked for the first time

upon the calm waters of the Pacific, has since been one of the focal points of international interest and rivalry?

Around the shores of the Pacific nearly twenty independent states are working out their destinies, each in its own way. At the same time nearly a half dozen large groups of people are clamoring for



the right to direct their own political, economic and cultural development, free from the age-old domination of foreign governments. One finds in this area, social, economic and political, orders as diverse as one could possibly find in any other part of the world. Here too, the chain of events is moving rapidly. Within the life time of many people living today, one nation of the Pacific has been transformed from a medieval feudal state to one of the most highly industrialized nations of the world. Expanding commerce is establishing points of contact among these people with great rapidity. The great undeveloped wealth of natural resources and the almost unlimited potential markets for manufactured goods explain, sufficiently, the interest of the great industrial powers in this area. Recent history seems to show that the center of gravity of international relations is shifting from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is in this area that national consciousness, in the greatest centers of population, is becoming more active and more determined in its demands. Numerous mistakes and misunderstandings have been breeding international hatreds of a very serious nature. Two incompatible economic systems face each other across the Pacific.

Such a state of affairs arouses the anxiety of the thinking people who have a burning desire to save the world from another caldron of war. To them a high standard of justice and equity is just as applicable in all international relations as it is in the everyday relations of individuals in any part of the world. Among those who look at world affairs in

this light are to be found large numbers of students in practically every country of the world. Such a group, representing twenty-three nationalities, spent one week together, in a hotel in the little Swiss town of Nyon, during the first half of April. These students came from countries bordering on the Pacific or from those with colonies in that area.

The conference was called to discuss the problems that seem to threaten the peace of the Pacific. Twenty-five plenary sessions were held and, of course, numerous private discussions of the issues raised in the plenary sessions. Problems, such as burn the consciences of the nations of the Pacific, were discussed with a freedom and frankness that was new to many of those present. Through these student "spokesmen," the grievances of the colonies were made known; the colored people spoke to the white; the Latin American to the United States; and the so called great powers heard each other.

Such subjects as population, race, immigration, extraterritoriality and economic and political imperialism, penetrated much more deeply into the minds of the students than the pictures of student life in the various countries of the Pacific or the work of student organizations among foreign students in Europe, though these were considered both interesting and important. The plea for a high standard of justice and fairness in all interracial and international relations seemed to run through the whole conference. Immigration, one of the questions dragged into the light, was not dissected as a group of experts would

have handled it, nevertheless it was exposed from more than one point of view. In this discussion it became evident that the oriental races have as little desire to leave their native lands, as any other people, but they have a desire, common to all races, to earn sufficient food and other necessities to enable them to maintain a high standard of living. Political and economic control from the outside and strong prejudices that stand between them and that goal, form the main points of contention. Much of the so called race feeling was discussed in terms of economic rivalry and clashes of standards of living.

The Nyon Conference passed no resolutions and made no definite provisions for distributing the fruits of its labors, yet these students will go back to twenty-three nations with a broader knowledge of other races and of international problems. To some extent it might be called an exchange of student opinions on international problems. Though some might like to go back of some of these attitudes to study their bases, yet the fact that they exist, is of great significance. However students seem more willing than any other large section of a nation, to base their opinions on the facts, as they see them, rather than on inherited prejudices and preconceived ideas. For this reason one finds in the college and university population a tremendous force for world peace. A part of that population has taken the initiative to express itself for that ideal. With the proper assistance and leadership the number could be greatly enlarged.

Geneva, Switzerland.

## "DRAMATIZING" CHINA AND JAPAN

BY ELIZABETH COLEMAN

I DECIDED the best thing I could do for Japan this Autumn would be to dramatize the visit of Baroness X—"said a lady not only learned but wise. And today in New York City one meets men and women who have forgotten all the international speeches they heard five years ago, who ask about the charming young woman they met at Mrs. A—'s and quote something she told them about Japan.

Madame Sugimoto, at Columbia, did much the same thing. The language and culture of Japan became living things when illustrated by a flesh and blood "daughter of a Samurai."

And so when one finishes the very timely and valuable report on "China and Japan in Our Curricula," prepared by the American Section of the Institute of Pacific Relations, one's thoughts run on beyond the best work the classroom could and should do, to the way a department

might dramatize China and Japan for the whole student body and the community.

Of course if you are going to do anything with drama, the first thing is a stage, and an actor. No one should be chosen to head such a department simply because of knowledge of history or diplomacy or trade. He must know the best men and women of the country he is trying to make real—the men and women who today are working out the problems of the new day, and he must know them as *friends*. No understanding ever comes through intellect alone, and so his friends should be rich and poor, whose homes and their treasures will have illustrated for him what art can mean in every-day life, and whose gardens will make him understand "A garden is a lovable thing, God wot," as he never did before, and also friends whose simple homes reveal to him how

beautiful home life is everywhere, and the fineness of living. Years of study and first-hand contacts and an understanding spirit, would be required for the training of the man.

And given the chief actor, how naturally he would make his first stage—his class room—a place as interesting from the standpoint of the Orient as Dr. Bennett has made his Latin class room at Amherst. Dr. Bennett counts upon the attractive interest of his pictures and curios to lead the student, bored even at the thought of Latin, to look about and find something to interest him. His hundreds of photographs, collected as he tramped over Italy, are seed for endless conversations. And so the Oriental class room would be arranged as carefully as any stage, to focus the interest of the students and give them as much atmosphere as possible. The shelf of books would be quite different from the refer-



ence ones in the library. These would be selected because of their "readableness," and many of them would be fresh translations—some of them indeed might have a difficult time with the Boston censor. And the wise man would take a good idea from the Orient and not have all his treasures out at once, and so have the freshness of frequent change.

Probably most departments would wish to offer courses in history and literature, and even a few bold ones, a language. But most students would not be interested and would not enroll. And so, frequent lectures, fresh and interesting and illustrated with the most charming of pictures, showing the beauties of the art, and architecture, and temples and gardens, would be of interest to the whole student body and the community could be included. It is a good thing sometimes to look at some exquisite pictures of "Japan, the Beautiful," and forget for a few moments the "Problems of the Pacific." And when the pictures would be beautifully self-explanatory, music might take the place of explanation, and the audience have a bit of real atmosphere, where the living silence would be a place of understanding.

Indeed, the use of slides would add to most of the lectures. Dr. Kenneth Saunders makes his lectures on Buddhism, not less scholarly, but much more interesting, because they are illustrated with Buddhist art. A lecture on trade relations would be much more interesting and certainly as true, if it showed the whole story of the silk worm industry, or the growing of tea. And diplomatic relations, with pictures of Townsend Harris at Shimoda, might be made as thrilling as first night at the opera if used with the new opera of Yamada and Percy Noel, to be put on for the first time this autumn.

One of the first tasks would be to find what the library offered on the Orient.

That is interesting in any library, and usually disappointing. Too many reports, good enough for the specialist once in a long time, not enough of the right books. And here the specialist would have an opportunity much welcomed by the librarian everywhere—to suggest the best books. And so he would soon find the nearby librarians wishing his cooperation. And, of course, if possible, the university or college would wish their department to translate, or to inspire to translation the treasures not available. Only last week a Japanese vice-consul, who knows his own literature well, said he was sometimes tempted to resign from his post and devote his life to writing a history of Japanese literature and to translating. He said he was not sure he could not best serve his country in that way. "For how can the West ever know our soul, if they do not know our literature?"

Too often students do not meet cultivated Orientals—either men or women, and the department would consider social occasions for such contacts as valuable as any lecture. And with this honoring of guests the students of the college from that country could assist in such a way as to make it easier for them to make their fine contribution to the college life.

Every year a course open to the whole student body and the community on "Current Events" could be made of absorbing interest with talks on the new books, and art and music, as well as politics. Why should our current events and book reviews so nearly always deal with only America and Europe? Has any one ever counted the times in a year that lectures and sermons mention the Orient just by way of illustration?

The professor's home would be his second stage, and not second in importance. Here the incense would greet the guest at the door, and the pictures would be

not only of the beauties of the country, but his personal photographs of his friends, and the pictures they have painted.

The home bookshelf would be the most delightful one, books his friends have written for private distribution, poems he has written or his friends, authors' copies from the men and women met in the Orient while they were writing their books. (Probably he helped write them through his friendship.) These and his fresh letters from friends in the Orient, both foreigners and Orientals, would keep the home atmosphere, unusual and interesting. And there over the tea cups how naturally the conversation would turn toward the East, and how interesting the stories of the books and pictures and curios! And if there were time and the group small, often some delightful bit could be read aloud, just as so often in the Orient, students have gathered in the drawing room after dinner, while their host has read to them some charming English story. Is it any wonder the East knows us so much better than we know them, since all their educated young people read our literature?

With scholarships for Chinese and Japanese in the college, and scholarships for the college students in China and Japan, with exchange of professors, with extension work throughout the clubs and churches of the community, and with perfect cooperation with every department offering courses in any way connected with the East, with exhibitions of his own treasures and those the homes of the community would loan, and with trips to all exhibits near enough to be visited, the professor with the Oriental background and training and also the dramatic instinct, would find no lack of opportunity!

Chicago, Illinois.

## WOMAN'S NEW CHALLENGE

BY GERTRUDE DUDLEY

Oration Winning Second Place for Penn College in Iowa State  
Oratorical Contest for Women.

CHANNING Pollock, one of the foremost playwrights of the present day, in his play "The Enemy" gives us the picture of two Austrian Women who are drawn into the clutches of the world war. To Mizzie, war in 1914 was a grand dress parade glorified by martial music, lauded by flag raising and deified by patriotic sacrifice of strong men for the mother country. She was glad Austria had entered the conflict and that Fritz, her husband, had joined the army. To Pauli, war was a deadly ogre that crunched the lives of men and boys and

stood with outstretched reeking arms demanding the unborn babes. She hated the thoughts of bloody battlefield, pitied the men who were to be killed and wounded, sympathized with the women who were losing their sweethearts, husbands and sons. Mizzie thought only in terms of patriotism; while Pauli shuddered at the loss of human life.

But in 1917, we find war has slowly but surely eaten its way into their lives. Both women have given their husbands. Pauli's baby has died from lack of nourishment and the girls themselves are

starving. Food has become so scarce that everything of value has been pawned to keep body and soul together. Then comes the influx of ragged, diseased and dying soldiers—the crumbs which have been left after the cannons have been fed. Pauli learns that Karl was killed on his way back to her. But Fritz has returned to Mizzie, shellshocked, raving and hopelessly insane. Slowly but surely Mizzie begins to question the old terms she had used so glibly: soldier, patriotism, war, the supremacy of country and she wonders if, after all,



these symbols do not carry destruction to all things most precious to women. In these two girls, Channing Pollock has symbolized the diversified viewpoints of women concerning war.

Even in this room, before me are Paulis and Mizzis—girls who hate war and all instruments which lead toward war, and girls who glory in the tinsel and show of military preparedness and the romance of marching soldiers.

For centuries women took no active part in war, except to give sons, husbands, and sweethearts. Occasionally they nursed on the battlefield, but they were always protected. However, the attitude toward women changed in the last conflict. Thousands of women and children were starved and massacred. Millions took the place of men on the farms, in the factories, and as doctors in the hospitals. It was soon admitted that women were absolutely essential to the prosecution of a modern conflict and that they were no longer exempt from the horrors of battle. But this is insufficient. Now the general staffs of Europe are pointing out that war workers should be selected by scientific means. They declare that they should use only the brilliant, strong, un-married girls for war purposes. In other words, girls of college age will be drafted and placed in factories and munition plants, be forced to become canteen workers and ambulance drivers. And it is admitted by Pershing, Foch and many others who have studied the problem that the next conflict will be waged directly at these services at the rear. Here, as in the front line trenches, the fighting hordes will kill by wholesale, not retail, and they will kill the selected, best equipped of all our girls. I do not mean to say that a woman's life is more valuable than a man's. But I do mean to point out that war will take another toll of valuable life, and that only the inferior members of our sex will be left to carry on the race—free to pour their diseased blood into the veins of the new generation—and that will inevitably mean the degeneration and perhaps the end of mankind.

Thus the challenge comes to us. What can we do to save our homes and families from such disaster? All do not face the challenge. From the Mizzis, who see nothing of the terror of war, there comes no answer. Rather, the Mizzis are actively working toward another war by enticing men to join the army and navy. Did you know that the "prettiest, most popular girls in many of our colleges and universities are selected to be honorary officers or cadet sponsors to encourage military training?" Pick up a newspaper any morning and see the pictures of these pretty girl officers all dolled up in their military uniforms with such headlines as "She's in the Army Now,"

"Cadets salute Her," "Beautiful Co-ed Rules Ranks of Men." One fourteen year old girl colonel whose picture appeared in the Boston *Advertiser* says, "If there were a war, I'd go to the scene of action with my outfit and I'd lead them into battle. I've studied every military campaign from Hannibal to Pershing, and I know the soldiering trade. If Joan of Arc could lead an army into battle, why couldn't I lead a regiment?" She, like Mizzie, thinks of war as a romantic adventure. It is appalling that girls are willing to be used as billboards for the military machinery and bait for popularizing war.

But you should not blame us college girls entirely, for these offices are made most attractive. Military balls are given in our honor, popular prestige backs us. But you women who are setting examples are without excuse. At the present time older women—the mothers of families—are working for a bill to be introduced in Congress to create a feminine auxiliary of the National guard. Mrs. C. Fuller Winters, President of the American Federation of Women, boasts that women will be eager to enlist in such sections as the cavalry, infantry and air corps, and that already thousands in business life and society have endorsed the movement. Shall women of this country let such a bill be presented in Congress? Surely many of us have forgotten our duty to humanity, and are sleeping, while the Mizzis of the United States dictate the policies of our country.

Yet we have our Paulis as well as our Mizzis. Although fifty years ago there was only one small group of women in the world opposing war, today there are millions of women in peace organizations, the most famous of which is the Women's International Committee for Permanent Peace.

Friends, its history is dramatic. It was born in the midst of a great struggle—the greatest of ages—the World War. In 1915 while the battles were raging, close enough to hear the cannons roar and shells crash, women from twelve countries met at The Hague to discuss a way to bring back peace. Never before had such an earnest assemblage gathered. Many of the women were enemies by the laws of government but sisters by the laws of a passionate human sympathy. There were Dutch, English, Belgium, American, French and even German women present. Even though little was accomplished, the meeting was a significant step towards peace. It was significant because of the very unusualness of the situation—a situation in which in the midst of a great war, enemy women sat across the table from each other and talked of ways to establish peace. In this small assemblage the Paulis of the world spoke, and by their very speaking showed the world

that women can put humanity above any single nation. That was the beginning of women's peace work.

But the task is not finished. This meeting was only a small start—a gesture in the right direction. Now each person is responsible for a small part in bringing world harmony. It is not the work of a great horde pushing forward to heights in the moment of excitement. Rather it is the constant daily taking of some small step toward the creating of a better international sentiment—the work of small handfuls of people who are zealous for the cause. It is as Carrie Chapman Catt says, when she spoke before the National League of Women Voters in 1921. "Few as we are, the women in this room can do this thing." And let us say it once again. We can do this thing. The part that we as women can play to bring in a program of peace is great. As students, we can refuse to drag young men into the clutches of militarism because we wear a uniform and can spread peace propaganda through our college newspapers. As teachers, in the grades, in high schools and colleges, we can educate young people to understand how to work for humanitarian ends and not to work for war. As citizens, we can vote for statesmen who will endorse disarmament movements and international policies for peace. Then, as mothers, we can do so much if we really try, within our own generation, to mold the ideals of our own children, by our constructive thinking. Frank B. Kellogg says, "The most certain assurance against the curse of war is the training of the thoughts of men in the ways of peace."

In speaking of women's part in bringing world peace, the Marchioness of Aberdeen, President of the International Council of Women, says; "If the wild deer knows how to protect its young against the eagle hovering around, by sheltering it under an overshadowing rock, if a savage mother knows how to hide her babe from the Vendetta of a rival tribe, cannot the mothers of today devise plans for an international understanding among themselves, whereby they will be able to protect the children of the human race from the calamities which threaten their very existence?"

Let us face the challenge. Humanity is still far from peace, until the Mizzis, as well as the Paulis, will learn the truth about modern conflict, and say with our well-known poet, Selma Laagerof:

"As long as my tongue can utter a word,  
As long as blood flows in my veins,  
I shall work for the sake of peace  
Though it cost me my life and happiness."

Peace can never make an enemy and it converts your enemy into a friend, if it is the right kind of peace.



# OUTLOOK AND OUTREACH

A Contributed Page by the American Friends Service Committee

CLARENCE E. PICKETT, Executive Secretary—20 S. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

There was no meeting of the Service Committee on April 24th, but in the evening, Carolena M. Wood, one of the American members of the Friends Delegation to China, gave a public talk about the experiences and impressions of the group. The five English and two American Friends who made up the delegation spent a little more than three months in China. Chinese Friends had asked for such a delegation, to advise with them on the present difficulties of Christians in China. The visitors also wished, of course, to see for themselves the situation of Friends in West China, and to get as much first hand information as possible concerning China in general.

"We ran about," said Carolena, "asking what our little body could do in China." And this is almost literally true, for they talked not only with Chinese Quakers but with foreign and Chinese mission workers of every denomination, with members of the Japanese and European colonies, with educators and Y. M. C. A. men, Chinese and foreign; with Chinese merchants, generals and men in the government, Christian and non-Christian.

The sum total of their impressions regarding China and the foreigners is this: "China wants to run her own government. We can not possibly understand the difficulties of Christians there. The Nationalists want to push out the foreigners, and it is a terrible situation for the Christians, who, even if natives, are considered part of the foreign invasion. "The delegates were assured again and again, however, by men in a position to know, that the Nanking Government does not want to drive out the Christian schools and colleges. But they must all be registered with the government; they can not give Christian teaching at all to younger children, and only as an elective to the older ones. Moreover, a picture of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the founder of the new China, must hang in every school and the children must, as in all the schools of China, regularly bow before it while repeating his "Three Principles" of Democracy, People's Welfare and Nationalism or Home Rule. Is this ceremony more akin to idolatry or patriotism, the missionaries ask. And finally, military training is supposed to be given to all young men.

A number of the Christian institutions have accepted the terms. Others have not, as yet. As to the Friends, they may have to give up their higher education work in China. In any case, it means,

"We must, more than ever, not only be able to lift up by teaching; we must lift up by *living*."

But in spite of this insistence that the Chinese should take charge of their own country, the delegation found practically no hostility. On the contrary, they met with marked friendliness. "We thought much about the Wider Fellowship while there. The Christians and the non-Christians in China have not yet learned to pull together. Yet the non-Christians are longing for friendship, and we longed to give it to these educated people who bear the burdens of the land. You should have seen their expressions when they found that we wanted to ask what they wanted, instead of telling them what they should do."

There is work for us there still. Western domination is no longer welcomed; Western help is nearly everywhere. "We must very tactfully work *with* the Chinese until things are more settled. For the next five or ten years we must show very great tact, if we are to help them."

## FRENCH FRIENDS AT WORK

The winter report of our Paris Center is even more interesting than usual. A deep concern about the Naval Conference appears several times. The International Youth Group (mainly students) prepared a petition at one of its Saturday gatherings, which was signed by more than sixty persons. At about the same time, the Center co-operated with the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom in sending to all the peace organizations in France a manifesto addressed to the Conference, earnestly demanding an important and immediate reduction of armaments. The presidents of many associations signed the manifesto as desired and sent it forward.

Fred and Ella Barlow of the Center have taken active parts in organizing a Voluntary Civil Service in France to undertake active reconstruction work in the areas which were devastated by the recent terrible floods in the south. Similar work, it will be recalled, has been done in the last few years in Switzerland, Liechtenstein and Feldis, young people from a dozen different countries giving their services to clear away rubbish or to rebuild after disaster. Volunteers from Switzerland and Germany have already offered themselves. The France Monthly Meeting is collecting funds for use of the Voluntary Civil Service.

The Annual Meeting of the Society of Friends in France will be held as usual at Whitsuntide, the 7th, 8th and 9th of June. There will be a public lecture on Saturday evening the 7th. Arrangements are now being made for the entire program. It is hoped that several English and German Friends will be present. As Clarence Pickett is booked to sail from France on the 8th, we may hope that he can participate in the opening sessions at least.

The Center's monthly international lunches have numbered among their guests this winter the American Ambassador, Walter Edge; M. Paul Painlevé; the well-known writer, M. Andre Maurois; the German writer, Emil Ludwig; and various other persons of international importance.

## THANKS FROM GILBERT BOWLES

Gilbert Bowles writes to "express to the members of the Service Committee my sincere thanks and appreciation for the privilege which you and the London Friends Service Council have given me in opening the way for me to be a member of the Joint Deputation in this fresh study of the Christian Movement in China. This has been one of the greatest privileges of my life. I have also to express thanks to the members of the Service Committee for opening the way for my wife and myself to visit India and the Friends Centers. In the daily work here in Japan I am trying to share with Friends and others some of our experiences in China. Two evenings ago I had the privilege of speaking to a good group of Chinese university students at the Tokyo Chinese Y. M. C. A."

## NOTES OF FOREIGN QUAKERISM

The group of Hamburg Friends has now a regular meeting-room. It is in the flat directly under that occupied by Hans Albrecht, the Clerk of the German Yearly Meeting. The secretarial work of the Yearly Meeting will also be done here, and it is hoped that the room will become a true Quaker Center.

Daniel Oliver of the Quaker School at Ras-el-Metn reminds us that the need for relief owing to war conditions is by no means at an end. Latterly, clothing has been given to about 5,000 refugees from the Hauran. An important part of his own task has been the work of reconciliation between the Christians and Druses in the Lebanon villages.

Innis Gumedé has now studied five years at Kingsmead, the Quaker home and school for missionaries, near Birmingham. He has now obtained his degree, and is returning to his native country, Zululand. He is said to be the second Zula doctor. Friends in South Africa are urged to be of any help possible to him.



## CORRESPONDENCE AND COMMENT

These columns are open to expressions of opinion on the part of readers so far as it seems to come within the range of the general welfare of our body and is expressed in a co-operative constructive spirit. Obviously, sentiments expressed by contributors herein, or otherwise in the paper for that matter, cannot be held to reflect those of The American Friend.

### THE PERISHOS IN LONDON

Editor THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

It was late in March when we left Egypt, Alexandria being the last city visited. Since leaving that ancient country, each day has brought interesting experiences to us. The ride along the Adriatic to the Dalmatian countries was beautiful, like the fiords of Norway, we were told. Avlona in Albania, Kotor and Dubrovnik in Jugo-Slavia are yet unspoiled by tourists.

Italy was next with Venice, Naples, Pompeii. We were fascinated with Venice with its historic canals and far-famed gondolas, its artistic buildings. The workmanship of the city is as fascinating as the buildings; the factories where beautiful glass is made—(we saw one expert workman blowing a goblet); the silk shawl manufactories; the lace-making school; the leather goods, leather beautifully tooled. I doubt if we have seen any place more beautiful architecturally than St. Mark's Square with the Cathedral, the Doges' Palace, the Clock Tower, the Campanile, and in front of them all the Grand Canal with the blue waters of the Mediterranean. At Venice, and the other places in Italy where we were, there was business activity, every one seemed to be working; old churches were being restored; and we were treated with the greatest courtesy. Then on to Naples where we watched the fire and smoke from Vesuvius, and visited the ruined city of Pompeii. Of course this recalled Bulwer-Lytton's "The Last Days of Pompeii." To those readers who contemplate going to Italy within the next twenty years we would suggest they start their reading now, and "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "Quo Vadis" are two good stories with which to begin.

On reaching south France we were delighted to take the Corniche Drive to Monte Carlo. Both Nice and Monte Carlo are beautiful cities aside from their gambling casinos. We were told that one person a day on the average committed suicide in the Monte Carlo Casino. It is the rendezvous of the professional gambler, who is chained to the habit. Incidentally, the concern has the concession to run the Casino from the Prince of Monaco, reported to their directors that the receipts the past year were \$5,000,000. As we sailed by the island of Messina, we spent some time watching Mount Etna throwing out steam and flame.

High winds delayed our arrival at Southampton several hours and as we

rode "up to London" we felt as though we were nearing home. It was good to hear the English language once again. The first day of our arrival we went to visit the new headquarters of Friends at Euston Road, a million dollar structure which houses the Yearly Meeting-house, the Small Meetinghouse, all the activities (committee work) of London Yearly Meeting. The building is so commodious there is space to rent for offices of various kinds which affords an income to the Meeting.

We were made very welcome by Wm. F. Nicholson, who is secretary of the Yearly Meeting, and who is a Bureau of Information for all visitors. J. W. Harvey Theobald is secretary of Friends Temperance Union and his able daughter is his assistant. Friend Theobald told us that the liquor consumption the last year was higher than the previous year. With the financial depression in Great Britain, one wonders why their statesmen do not see the tremendous amount of food material and money consumed by the liquor industry. We found these English Friends deeply interested in North Carolina Yearly Meeting and Guilford College. They told us of Clarence Pickett's recent visit in London. By the way, there are forty Quaker meetings in London.

On Sabbath we made our way down St. Martin's Lane to No. 52, to the Westminster Meetinghouse, where John Bright worshipped. Martin's Lane is now a business street, and on either side of the entrance to the meetinghouse are shops. Marked plainly on the entrance is "Friends Meeting House." One enters a rather long entrance hall with a seat on either side, goes through a double door into a room with a cheery coal fire in the grate which was most welcome. This is the coldest Easter London has seen in fifty years, and it is the coldest place we have been since Syria. In this room is a circulating library, a literature table, a grandfather's clock, and along the walls a high backed seat. Here the Friends gathered before the 11 o'clock service. There was present a woman from Scotland, a young girl from New Foundland who had come over from Paris where she is studying for her degree from Columbia, and we three Americans, besides the English Friends. The first persons we met were the clerk of the meeting, Arthur Guy Enoch, and Arnold and Margaret Lloyd. The last two had known Elton Trueblood and Mary Mendenhall at Woodbrooke.

The meetinghouse proper is wainscotted with dark wood and the ceiling is of the same wood. The room is lighted from windows placed high in the wall and by skylight. As we listened to the clerk speak from "If ye had faith," and Harriet Walton Nagel recite from memory John's account of the resurrection and comment on it, it was easy for us to understand why the English Friends do not feel the need of "the pastoral system."

This week we plan to go to Paris, then to Geneva, to Lucerne, Munich, to Oberammergau to the Passion Play, and sail the 14th for New York and Guilford. Already we are looking forward to that day.

ELWOOD C. AND

INEZ BEEBE PERISHO.

London, England,  
April 21, 1930.

### MORE THOUGHTS ON CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE

Editor THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

I find on closer analysis of the two subjects of rebirth and baptism that Moses Votaw and I are not so far apart, but are practically of the same mind. While I tenaciously hold to the old school of religious thought, I always have, from the very beginning of my spiritual life, clearly seen and felt that there was much chance and need for improvement in the conception of what actually takes place at the time of the second experience or baptism of the Holy Spirit. I cannot conceive of God doing a work of this kind by halves. His work of regeneration is complete in the new birth, that the evil part of the natural man may be entirely removed, that there may be no holdover for a second work. The baptism of the Holy Spirit is simply greatly increased power to overcome and keep sin out of our mortal bodies, our earthly house, in which the redeemed soul lives. Spiritual baptism, as I understand it, is simply increased power to keep one cleansed from sin; not that we cannot sin, but because we *can* sin has God given us additional power to overcome it. He especially loves the overcomers. We deserve no credit, nor do we get any, for what we cannot do. But what we can do but will not, that is what we deserve and get credit for.

I believe man has the same similarity of personality as the Godhead, three in one, namely, body, soul and spirit. Each one is distinct and complete in itself and has its special official work, while here on earth, as well as in the world to come. My conception is that the spirit has always been immortal and is that light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. The soul is the individual that has become immortal at rebirth and has passed from death unto life, over which the second death has no power. But the body remains mortal because it is our earthly house until the resurrection, then



this mortal puts on immortality or a heavenly habitation of the soul.

While it is our privilege to have our own individual or group understanding of doctrinal subjects, I think the church has committed and promulgated a great sin that should have no place at all in this age of the world. The church should at least be as far advanced as the state and lord it over none. All doctrines, outside of the atonement, should be the individual right of every man to choose for himself without dictation. God gave us a grand privilege in the gift of the Bible for much belief, but insists on none except a belief in him and the redemptive power of the precious blood of his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

E. F. WORRALL.

Excelsior, Minnesota.

### COOPERATION IS ASKED IN A WORTHY EFFORT

Editor THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

All who have attended or helped maintain a Friends' School will be interested to learn of an undertaking to preserve the memory of these schools; since most of them below college standard have been discontinued, some for many years, they are becoming more difficult to trace, as those having had direct contact pass away.

Many believe that the contribution of these schools to education and to Friends' history has been so valuable that there should be some account of their existence passed down to future generations.

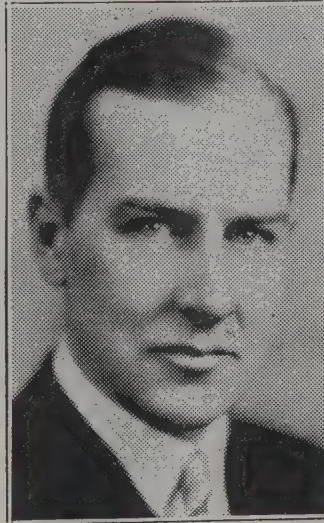
The writer being a Friend, of Friends' descent and having attended a Friends' Academy, became interested in tracing our Friends' Schools through a recent study of the early history of the Society, so, because of the encouragement of other Friends, and the loving memory of a father, David J. Wood, who, in a life of pioneering, had a part in the founding of a number of such schools, there has grown a desire to compile and make available a brief record of all schools, past or present, under the control of Friends' Meetings.

We realize that this is a large task, for we would be glad to feel in the end that not one school had been omitted, but success depends very much upon the response of Friends in sending all available information. The memories of our older Friends must contribute largely to this data that the record may be complete, not only for a testimony to the educational efforts of Friends but as an incentive to maintain the spirit of responsibility best pleasing to the God of our Fathers, to whom all praise belongs.

All information will be gratefully received when addressed to Mattie A. Wood-Gregg, P. O. Box 535, Whittier, California. It would be appreciated if other Friends' papers would copy.

### NEW PRESIDENT FOR HARTFORD SEMINARY

Following a meeting of the Board of Trustees, the announcement is made of the retirement of Dr. William Douglas Mackenzie as president of the Hartford Seminary Foundation and his election as president-emeritus after a 27-year administration marked by a notable expansion in usefulness, number of students, and physical plant. He has seen during the closing years of his term of office the realization of his dream and ambition



DR. ROBBINS W. BARSTOW

for the seminary in its development into an interdenominational university of religion, in the erection of its splendid new buildings in a beautiful quarter of the city of Hartford, Conn., and in the bright prospect for its future along lines developed by him.

Coincident with this statement of retirement was the further announcement that Dr. Robbins W. Barstow, pastor of the First Congregational Church at Madison, Wisconsin, and a native of Glastonbury, Conn., has accepted election as Dr. Mackenzie's successor. He was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1913, and received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity at the Hartford Seminary Foundation in 1916. In 1926 the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Ripon College. As president of the Foundation and professor in the Practical Department of the Hartford Theological Seminary, Dr. Barstow will have opportunity to be of highest service in training men and women for all forms of Christian service. As minister and educator, he has thus far found his greatest usefulness and his highest joy in his student contacts. His church in Madison serves as the Congregational Church for Congregational students of the University of Wisconsin, and he has been

preaching to a congregation of 1,300 every Sunday with his sermons being broadcast as well. He accepts election to the presidency at Hartford as a magnificent challenge to have an active part in the reinterpretation of religion in terms of today and in training able leaders to articulate its abiding realities. He believes Hartford has an important mission and pledges his fullest service.

### AT PASADENA QUARTERLY MEETING

Pasadena Quarterly Meeting, held at Los Angeles, California, began with a session on Ministry and Oversight April 25, 1930. Annual reports from the local meetings on the condition and work of the members were considered. R. Ernest Lamb and Martilia Cox were chosen clerks for the ensuing year.

On Saturday, after a period of prayer and praise, led by Thomas K. Matthews, Edwin McGrew preached from I Corinthians, 15:58, "Wherefore be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." He said: "The people of God are not to do the same old thing in the same old way, if there is a better way; but, steadfast in their faith, they are to use different methods according to the age in which they live. . . . Emotion is not religion, but if you take emotion out of religion you kill it. . . . The cross of Christ still stands in the midst of the ages as God's eternal heart cry for a lost world."

W. Lester Stanton was leader of devotional exercises at the opening of the business session. Most of the representatives were present who had been appointed by the constituent monthly meetings—Bethel and First Church in Long Beach, Los Angeles, Pasadena, and Ramona Park (in Alhambra.) A minute liberating R. Esther Smith for service in Oregon Yearly Meeting which had been issued by Bethel Monthly Meeting was endorsed by action of the Quarterly Meeting.

A suggestion was approved for an "ascent" or pilgrimage to be observed by Friends in a "desert place apart," June 6, 7, and 8, on account of the anniversary of Pentecost. Friends of Whittier and San Diego Quarterly Meetings will be invited to share in the blessings of the observance.

A resolution was adopted addressed to California members of Congress and urging that stores of wheat bought by the government to stabilize prices be sent as a gift to famine districts in China.

The nominating committee proposed officers as follows: Clerk, George D. Weeks; Recording Clerk, Eloise A. Hartford; Reading Clerk, Estella McMillan Stevenson; Treasurer, Arthur B. Williams. A full corps of department heads was also named.





## BOOK REVIEWS

Readers are urged to order all books through the Friends Book and Supply House, Richmond, Ind.



### JESUS OR CHRISTIANITY

BY KIRBY PAGE

Doubleday, Doran & Co., pp. 319, \$2.50

The author of this "Study in Contrasts" needs no introduction to many of our readers. As editor of *The World Tomorrow*, a writer of several books on War and Peace, and a lecturer on a great variety of social, religious, economic and international questions, he has become widely and favorably known. In this book he has endeavored to point out divergencies between the religion of Jesus and organized Christianity. His purpose is "to emphasize the fact that, in spite of the immeasurable good accomplished by Christianity, it has accumulated so many alien and hostile elements as to make it a different religion from the simple faith of its founder." He feels it is imperative that the contrasts between Christianity and Jesus be clearly revealed and strongly emphasized, "because the real significance of Jesus is obscured by the widespread belief that organized Christianity truly reflects his religion, and because it will be practically impossible to abolish giant evils while they are hallowed by the blessing of the churches."

From the social background and the teachings of Jesus, and from a study of the Meaning of the Cross, the author attempts to answer the question "What is the Religion of Jesus?" A second chapter deals with the "Causes of the Rapid Expansion of Early Christianity," which includes confidence in the resurrection of Jesus and expectation of his bodily return, the rejection of violence and war, and ultimate compromise with prevailing beliefs and institutions. But the major portion of the book is the third chapter on "Contrasts between Historical Christianity and the Religion of Jesus." One reviewer has said it is "certainly the most exhaustive, carefully documented, and effective indictment of organized Christianity that ever has been penned." Its relation to war constitutes a shameful record, as also its persecution of Christians, its relation to pagan superstition and magic, to ecclesiastical corruption, feudalism, slavery and other evils, and at times so thoroughly secular both in the ends which it has sought and in the means which it has employed to secure them that its relation to Jesus and the spirit of his teaching was anything but similar. "It has been more the creation than the creator of the social order." "The influence of the religion of Jesus has often been nullified by the

adherents of a denatured religion called Christianity."

A briefer fourth chapter indicates these contrasts in what is called contemporary Christianity. It deals with the War System, Capital Punishment, Racial Discrimination and Lynching, Economic Injustice and Strife, and Ecclesiasticism and Denominationalism. Even today, it is found that "much more time and money are devoted to theological controversy and the perpetuation of denominational institutions than to the crusade against war, poverty and race prejudice, and pioneers of the new social order frequently discover that their foes are those of their own religious household." While rapid progress is being made in the direction of supplanting theological controversy with religious experience and ethical endeavor, an immense distance must yet be travelled before the goal is reached.

The closing chapter endeavors to apply the searching question, "Is the Religion of Jesus Practicable?" The author believes it is if certain practical conditions are recognized and satisfied. If our good will is intelligent, if we create adequate social organization, if we abandon the doctrine that the end justifies the means, if we are willing to take the consequences, if we discover and utilize spiritual resources, if we take Jesus and his way of life seriously we shall find his religion most practicable. While millions of persons in many lands profess to believe in Jesus, only a relatively few consistently follow his way of sacrificial good will. Christians must select their methods with as much care as they choose their ends. Experience has demonstrated that the price of spiritual power includes the losing of self in a great task on behalf of humanity, the doing of which is vastly more important than personal comfort or safety; the cultivation of the arts of solitude; the cultivation of the beautiful; the practice of fellowship; and the willingness to follow the gleam at any cost. "If we do these things faithfully year after year we shall find ourselves rising higher and higher toward the fulness of the measure of the stature of Christ."

This is a most wholesome book that leaves a good taste in the mouth and a good feeling about the heart. While "the reader must continually remember that this presentation by no means constitutes the whole story," if at all sympathetic, he must appreciate the admirable approach, the careful research and

the intelligent conclusions drawn. As a book of reference it will be most valuable and, as a source of inspiration, a perennial spring.

"HEY, YELLOWBACKS!"

BY ERNEST L. MEYER

The John Day Co., pp. 209, \$2.00

This little book containing the story of the personal experiences of a conscientious objector in America during the late war has for a subtitle, "The War Diary of a Conscientious Objector." It is written in a simple, straightforward way with a good sense of balance and proportion and holds the reader's interest from beginning to end.

The writer makes it clear that his objections to taking part in war or military service were based on political and economic grounds rather than religious, but his tone shows a spirit of kindness, patience, and courage which one feels is the expression of true religion. This twentieth century war diary is, however, naturally quite different in style from certain journals of Quaker conscientious objectors of the past, such as Cyrus Pringle and others whose stories are graphically told in "Southern Heroes."

Apparently the only so-called religious objectors with whom Ernest Meyer was closely associated were Mennonites of a strict order, for whom he had high respect but with whom he had little in common. He makes but casual reference to Quakers throughout his chronicle, although our European relief work was known to him and he desired to be recommended for such service at his trial before Judge Mack. This request was granted and after he was discharged from camp he applied for overseas work, but because of his German parentage was unable to obtain a passport.

To all those whose faith was tested during the war this book will make a strong appeal. One hopes it may make some appeal to those who from honest motives supported the war. In the minds of all former C. Os. of whatever sort who may read it, it will revive memories of deep and soul-stirring experiences, days of loneliness, uncertainty, and suspense, of the demoralizing atmosphere of life in the great army camps, of the steady and terrific pressure of hostile public opinion, of a time when the world in which they lived seemed in utter chaos. Perhaps, too, it will remind them of the ways in which power was given them to endure and to hold true to their convictions that they were serving their nation and all humanity in the highest way that they knew.

It is to be hoped that this modest and very readable little book will have a wide circulation among pacifists and militarists alike.

ROBERT H. MARIS.



# QUAKERDOM • AT • LARGE

Ralph W. Hester, a graduate of Pacific College in the class of 1927, who has since been engaged in teaching, has been appointed Junior Observer of Meteorology for the United States Bureau at Roseburg, Oregon. He has been interested in work of this kind for years and sometime ago was approved for service in this Bureau as soon as a vacancy occurred in that section.

\* \* \* \*

Pacific College is to honor President Hoover in a special way in connection with this year's commencement exercises on Monday afternoon, June 9. The program will open with the dedication of a tablet at Pacific College in honor of Herbert Hoover, said to be the first student ever enrolled in the old Academy. Following the unveiling of this memorial, visitors will be taken to various points of interest in and about Newberg which are associated with the boyhood life of the President. In the evening a big Hoover banquet is planned.

\* \* \* \*

The situation regarding students for the coming year who expect to attend Pendle Hill is very promising reports the Secretary of the Pendle Hill Board. Henry T. Hodgkin has found several during his recent trip to the Pacific Coast, including a girl from Japan. Eight or nine men and women of the type desired have already enrolled. They came from New England, Philadelphia, North Carolina, Georgia, Oregon, Ohio, and three teachers returning from service in Palestine and Egypt. A number of others are giving the matter serious consideration.

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Henry J. Cadbury, professor of Biblical Literature at Bryn Mawr College, and known to many as chairman of the American Friends Service Committee, is the one Friend in the personnel of a committee of thirteen chosen as the American Standard Bible Committee to bring out a new revision of the American version of the Bible. The International Council of Religious Education has purchased from Thomas Nelson & Sons all rights to the American Standard version of the revised Bible. The work of this group of Biblical scholars will be awaited with much interest by all who love the truth as contained in these Scriptures.

\* \* \* \*

By happy coincidence, Clarence E. Pickett, Executive Secretary of the American Friends Service Committee, met on shipboard, on his recent voyage to England, a very interesting German girl, who ten years ago was receiving

Quaker "Speisung" in her school in the Fatherland. Furthermore, she was one of the artists who painted the pictures in which the German children attempted to express their gratitude, several of the pictures being distributed over here by the Service Committee. As stateroom mates Clarence Pickett had two young Germans who knew about the "Quakerspeisung," although they were just above the age to receive the food. One is the architect who planned the new Pennsylvania Railway bridge at Philadelphia over the Schuylkill, but although living in the city of William Penn for two years he had not known anything about Friends in his stay there.

## NEWS OF OUR MEETINGS

Fairfield Quarterly Meeting, of Wilmington Yearly Meeting, was held April 25 and 26 at Highland, Ohio. This was the first time a Quarterly Meeting was held at this place. The church was filled with people who sought to worship God, and his Spirit was felt in the very beginning and was increasingly manifested as the Yearly Meeting Superintendent brought a practical message on the sacred subject, "Life." Ambitions were aroused, resolves confirmed and intelligences enlightened as she unfolded her message. A bountiful repast was enjoyed and friendships were quickened by over one hundred people. Friends again convened to transact the regular business. A good report was given by the Missionary Superintendent, Mary B. Pimm. A minute was granted for service in Iowa Yearly Meeting to Anna M. Farr Carey, a well approved minister of Clear Creek Monthly Meeting. Adjourned to meet at Leesburg next July.

\* \* \* \*

Friends of Wenatchee Valley met according to appointment the second Sunday in April at the home of H. D. and Alice Gilbert in Wenatchee, Wash. A goodly number were present and a feeling of encouragement prevailed. Mae N. Replogle brought a most helpful and inspiring message, and urged "to be strengthened with might, by his spirit in the inner man." Several expressed themselves as having been greatly helped and loyalty to the church was renewed. Being so far from the center of Friends activities, Friends of the valley feel oftentimes quite isolated; but in their coming together from time to time there is renewed enthusiasm for the teaching and doctrine of Friends to be promulgated here. At the close of the meeting a committee was appointed to

secure a necessary budget for the coming year, and it was also authorized to seek for a leader. If Friends unknown to the meeting are living in or around Wenatchee, or if thinking of locating in this beautiful valley of the big red apple, please write to Albert E. Jones, 102 North Wenatchee Avenue, Wenatchee, Wash.

## DENVER PLANS FOR MAY

The month of May is proving eventful for the Friends of Denver, Colorado, at the meetinghouse on the corner of West Forty-first avenue and Shoshone street. Plans were made to make Sunday, May 4, Law Enforcement Day. Rev. A. J. Finch, Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of Colorado, was speaker at the morning meeting on the subject, "Helping to Finish the Job." At the evening meeting, T. N. Hazeltine, senior prohibition investigator, Washington, D. C., was the speaker. His subject, "Bootleggers' Convention," is handled by him in a forceful and effective manner.

The sessions of Penn Quarterly Meeting will be held May 10 and 11. The Meeting on Ministry and Oversight at 10 a. m., with Samuel Heath, clerk. Topic: "Stimulating spiritual deeping through Bible study and family worship." At 11 a. m. there will be a meeting for worship, conducted after the manner of Friends. After the noon lunch the business session of the Quarterly Meeting will be opened at 2 p. m., with the clerk, Flora N. Hinshaw, presiding.

The Public Service at 7:30 p. m. will be under the direction of Jennie Gray, President of the Missionary Committee of Penn Quarterly Meeting. Sunday will no doubt come up to expectations in the Bible School, the organizations of young Friends and in the meetings for worship. Walter H. Wilson, Superintendent of Nebraska Yearly Meeting, is expected to deliver the message at the 11 o'clock meeting. The Christian Endeavor Societies are to take charge of the Mothers' Day Service at 7:30 p. m.

On Sunday, the 18th, Dr. Lyman Hoover, of Yale University, will speak on "China and Christianity" at the evening meeting. Dr. Hoover, a relative of President Hoover, is a member of the staff of the Rocky Mountain Field Council of the Student Division of the Y. M. C. A., with headquarters in Denver. He, with Mrs. Hoover, is under appointment by the China National Committee of the Y. M. C. A., and will sail for China early in September.



## PUGET SOUND QUARTERLY MEETING ENJOYED

Friends Quarterly Meeting of Puget Sound met in Seattle, Washington, May 2nd and 3rd, 1930. Many were present from both subordinate meetings, with ten visitors from Oregon Yearly Meeting present. On Friday evening the Young People took charge of the services and the main address was given by Gervas Carey.

On Saturday morning there was a two-hour service in which a great many were faithful in responding in prayer, testimony or song. The value of Jesus Christ in our lives was strongly stressed and we were persuaded to feel that Friends must ever be watchful not only of our own lives, but to see that the open door swings in for all that are hungering and thirsting for spiritual knowledge.

There has been some little work done in the line of Peace contests and it is hoped to have a gold medal contest soon. Through the efforts of the State Superintendent of Schools there is being launched the plan for an International Park at the boundary line where a few years ago was erected the Peace Portal at Blaine, Washington. The school children of this state are to each give a dime and their teachers give 25 cents. When this is completed and Canada co-operates by joining with a park on her side and all encloses the great Peace Portal this will be a splendid recognition of the gifts of our children and a memorial of which not only these two countries but all our world may be proud.

The Young People are going on record now in the Quarterly Meeting with two very important endeavors. They have taken the duty of furnishing a scholarship for four years for a young Cuban girl on her island. Also they are completing plans toward the purchase of a permanent camp site for the summer conferences bordering Puget Sound with water and mountains for scenery.

The spirit permeating this May Quarterly Meeting seemed to be one of mutual satisfaction and an inspiration received by all, that should be lasting and helpful.

## SPICELAND NEWS ITEMS

The Keystone class of the Friends Church divided into four sections last January for a three months' campaign for new members and attendance. The attendance ranged from 61 on a snowy Sunday in March to 90 on Easter. The two sections that won were to be entertained by the two sections that lost.

Last Friday evening the entertainment took place in the basement of the church, when H. H. Rayle and Scott Leighton, captains of the winning teams, and members of the class and their families enjoyed a banquet, a real full-sized one, that

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wound up with ice cream and cake. Plates were laid for 128 guests and every place was filled. Certainly John Winslow and Bert Reece, captains of the loosing teams, if they lost the race in attendance and new members, lost not their ability to cook.

After dinner the readings that were rendered were very entertaining and enjoyed by all as well as the duet and the male quartet numbers.

William O. Fox, the pastor, was toastmaster for the occasion and after short talks by the captains, and several others, and a toast to the winners by the pastor, L. W. Carson, Superintendent of the Township Schools and teacher of the Keystone Class, made the response, in which he told how proud he was of the work done thus far this year by the whole class and hoped no one would relax their efforts the remainder of the year.

The dining room was attractively decorated in apple blossoms and lilacs. Every one felt the church work had taken an advanced step in this contest as it had been conducted in a splendid Christian spirit. For the twelve weeks of the contest this was a Star Class every Sabbath.

## FAIRVIEW MEETING NEWS

Fairview Meeting, in Wilmington Y. M., felt a keen sense of weakness at the beginning of the second semester from its faithful and devoted pastor, Wendall G. Farr, asked for a leave of absence to study in Hartford Theological Seminary. Since his departure the burden of the meeting and its mission has fallen upon almost the entire membership under the

leadership of Bertha Terrell, chairman of the Pastoral Committee, and Arthur McCoy, superintendent of the Sunday school. Under their guidance the interest has grown and the numerical attendance has increased in a most gratifying manner.

The orchestra has been faithful and enthusiastic in performing its part in the services and six of its members, together with three others, have requested to become active members of the meeting.

The Easter service, centering in "Our Altar Fires," and given in dramatic form, brought the message of Christ's abundant love being able to supply all our needs, in a very real way.

Since then another outstanding service was one devoted to the thought that "from quiet meditation comes our greatest power."

Perhaps the pastor's absence has been God's opportunity for strengthening the meeting through the individual service.

## PENDLE HILL LOCATED

Those who are following the developments of Pendle Hill with great interest will be glad to know that it has a location and will soon be a thoroughly settled and indispensable asset to Quakerdom.

The sale of the old Woolman School property at Wyncote has enabled the Pendle Hill Board to purchase on Fifth Month Second an eight acre tract near Wallingford, Pennsylvania, between the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Media Shortline. Perhaps some will know it as the old Wirz site. There is a new house, built on colonial lines, fortunately on a small hill that lends itself admirably to the name—Pendle Hill—which can be easily converted into library, class rooms and living rooms. There is nearby a large barn which will be converted into a dormitory for students and into one or two apartments for married couples.

Members of the Board have been anxious to locate the School in a Quaker community where there are meeting-houses belonging to both groups of Friends and where they will be near one of the Quaker colleges in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

M. H. J.

## Program Material for Children's Day

Children's Day will soon be here. Start planning your program now. Our suggestive list of services is ready and will be gladly sent on request.

**Friends Book & Supply House**  
101 South Eighth Street  
Richmond, Indiana



## Read It or Leave It!

A Corner of the Paper  
in which We May Talk  
Shop, and be Personal

To appear Once in a While if not Oftener

Many pleasant reminiscences of our own early bicycle days came trooping home to us when we read an article, "Bicycle Days," by O. O. McIntyre, the well known columnist, which appeared a few months ago in the *Cosmopolitan*. We quote the opening paragraphs:

"Historians are prone to ignore the sentimental side of that glamorous epoch when all America became suddenly 'bicycle-conscious.' Yet many a silver-haired husband is basking in connubial content today because of his catlike grace thirty years ago in touching the back step and springing to the saddle of a red Rambler in a single bound.

"The bicyclists who knew their stuff were the Jack Barrymores of those halcyon days. Not many girls could resist the chevalier who drew up in front of their homes and dismounted by rearing the front wheel skyward in the manner of a bucking broncho.

"The bicycle Romeo, like the knight of old, won his lady fair by patiently acquired feats of daring. He spent endless days in back alleys consecrating his life to the fulfillment of the Big Moment when he could pedal past 'her' house with his arms folded nonchalantly across his chest, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and possibly whistling some vagrant tune.

"It was a jazzless era. The noisy moan of the saxophone had not yet drowned the dulcet tinkle of the mandolin. Tender hearts were swayed by the lilt of:

"But you'll look sweet

On the seat

Of a bicycle built for two!"

We had the first boy's "safety" bicycle in our town. It was called the "Little Giant," and was purchased with pig money, the original source of which was a one-eyed pig which Father had conveyed to us in return for services rendered in connection with the family wood pile. (Even yet we can see that pig as it used to run through the orchard—it ran on the bias, its head cocked to one side, to get the best use of its one eye.) Two memorable events are connected with the day on which Father and I went to Portland and bought the bicycle, the other being the visit of Benjamin Harrison, the Hoosier President, to the Oregon metropolis.

The "Little Giant" had hard tires, not even "cushion" tires, and it was some little time before the pneumatic tire put in its aristocratic appearance. Later, we

had a Columbia, and, marvel of marvels, a Rambler with shining copper rims. We shall never forget how Father put out his chest when we won a bicycle race at the town and community fair. Poor Father, it wasn't often he could glory in our athletic prowess.

McIntyre speaks of the Big Moment when Romeo could pedal past "her" house without deigning to touch the handle bars. Pooh! We recall the occasion when we met "her" on a narrow sidewalk. We were carrying a bucket in one hand, and as we passed her, we removed our other hand from the handlebar and gallantly lifted our hat!

We were not always so favored. Once we were exceeding the safe speed limit, tearing down the sidewalk on a side street toward "Main Street." The City Marshal, a two hundred pounder plus, was riding leisurely along with a ladder over his shoulder. There were no stop and go signs for bicycle riders, and buildings hid us from each other. We hit our ponderous police officer squarely amidship and knocked him, bicycle, ladder and all, into the street, which was not so good.

Century runs were the social events on wheels in those days. There was an occasional "bicycle built for two," but generally each rider was wholly responsible for supplying his own motive power. Think of propelling one's self one hundred miles over rough roads, thick with dust, and calling it sport! But it was just that.

### HE'S THE EARLIEST BIRD

Dear "Read It or Leave It:"

Just before starting with the ladies who have commandeered our car for the Triennial Missionary Conference, we glanced over the pages of THE AMERICAN FRIEND. Just naturally we began at the beginning, "Read It or." Sure! Well, we are out to join the "First Novel Fellowship." Our first was "Oliver Twist" and we surely wanted "more." "David Copperfield," "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Tale of Two Cities" soon followed. We are still after "more."

For some of the old good books of bygone years, how about "Eight Cousins" and its sequel, "Rose in Bloom?" Paper backs of the Jack Parkaway type were frowned on, but a blanket over the door helped us often until the wee sma' hours. Now they print worse, sell them at a good price and wonder we do not "eat them up" like we did the old style.

I recently reread "A Fool's Errand," to which you refer. Would that a similar book were written today concerning the white's man's care (?) of the Indian! If Dickens opened the sore spots of the "poorhouses of England," someone might do a required job at some of our modern institutions.

Well, the ladies have their hats on and expect the chauffeur to get busy. Put me down for an early bird in the new organization.

Sincerely, and then some,

GEO. B. EVANS.

New Sharon, Iowa,

May 1, 1930.

### TALK ABOUT SELF-CONTROL!

We are at work in the editorial sanctum on Saturday afternoon of as perfect a May day as we remember ever to have seen. Within a stone's throw of our habitat is a perfectly good golf course going to waste, so far as we are concerned. Out at the ball park, the Richmond "Roses", our newly organized baseball team, are gallantly crossing bats with an invading league team. What's more, at this very hour, Miller Brothers 101 Ranch Wild West Show is performing within our gates! And still we're working away at the office—and on a Saturday afternoon at that! Are we busy? We'll say we are! (Spring housecleaning and attendant chores about our home premises have not yet been completed—and, of course, one has to be reasonably consistent in these matters. Yes, this is one of our busiest days.)

### WE'RE RARIN' TO GO!

Our friend, J. J. Newlin, of Grimes, Iowa, of "Hi-Bred Seed Corn" fame, writes the Editor as follows:

"The report from the London Peace Conference indicates that the Military Representatives of the U. S. hit a home run, and the Peace Element fanned out.

"I would humbly suggest that you and your Friends at least send a good Anti-military Lobby Committee to the next International Peace Conference. As a tentative suggestion for this committee, I would name yourself, Wm. B. Harvey, Clarence Pickett and Tom Jones. In case this committee are really good lobbyists, I would suggest that somebody propose to President Hoover that they act as U. S. Representatives, and the usual Military men do the looking on."

We modestly accept this appointment. Do we presume in assuming that we are to be the chairman of this distinguished delegation? It is well to have these little details clearly understood.

### WRITE US AT OUR OFFICE, PLEASE!

Two weeks ago we wrote a little about the fascination that old and treasured books have for us. Another literary recreation that delights us is to pore over bound copies of old magazines of a half century or more ago. For example, pick up *Harpers*, as published in the heart of the Nineteenth Century. What a diverting picture it gives one of the life and times of a past generation!



One gets a "feel," a sense of atmosphere of a given period in reading its contemporary periodical literature that is not to be had in reading about that period in the past tense.

During our week last summer spent on Paradise Island in Georgian Bay, when our light-minded companions were cavorting around in worldly amusements, we snatched odd moments now and then to revel in a great array of bound volumes of the *Windsor Magazine* found in the Firths' library. It was like dipping into the thought, the customs, the diversions, the mode of living, the manner of expression of another age. How intriguing, for instance, to read the sketches and look upon the pictures of budding statesmen, whose careers we now review as a part of history!

Perhaps our interest in old periodicals may account for the fact that we can never quite bring ourselves to junk our own good standard magazines. When housecleaning time comes, this is a part of our perennial dilemma. There is not only the old accumulation, but the year's accretions, to consider. Generally we temporize by shifting them to some other corner, withholding judgment for another year.

But despite our accumulation, if any of our readers want to get rid of some bound volumes of old *Harpers*, *Scribners*, etc., they now know how they may make us happy. But in writing, be careful to address us at the office, rather than at the house!

Life is not salvage to be saved out of the world, but an investment to be used in the world.

A man's best success, his highest dignity, his richest treasures are at home.—VAN DYKE.

## DEATHS

**WHINERY**—At his home in Bangor, Iowa, April 7, 1930, Walter P. Whinery, in his sixty-ninth year. Born in Clinton County, Ohio, he came to Iowa in 1865 with his parents, Ezra and Hannah Whinery. He was married in 1886 to Ella Hollingsworth, who died in 1914. He married Cora Kinzer in 1917, who survives him, as does a sister, Mrs. John Cook of New Providence, Iowa. He was a faithful, devoted Christian, a birth-

## VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP

From Mountain View Farm, Starksboro, Vermont. \$2.00 per gallon in lots of ten gallons or more. \$2.25 in smaller lots. Robert H. Young.

## MONEY IN OLD LETTERS

Look in that old trunk up in the garret and send me all the old envelopes up to 1880. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. You keep the letters. I will pay highest prices. George H. Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

right member of the Friends Church, and his passing will be keenly felt by those in his community. Funeral services were held at the Bangor Friends Church, with the pastors, Melvin and Anna Smith, in charge. Interment in the Bangor Cemetery.

**SAMS**—At her home in Motor, Iowa, May 1, 1930, Sarah Alice Sams, widow of John W. Sams, and daughter of Stephen and Mary F. Mosher, aged 69 years. Born near Liberty Center, Iowa, a birth-right member of Friends, she was converted in early life and was faithful as a church worker as health permitted. Nine step-children, an adopted daughter, three brothers and two sisters survive her.

## SCHEDULE OF YEARLY MEETINGS

With time and place of meeting and name and address of Presiding Clerk. The date given is that of the meeting on Ministry and Oversight.

New York: Poughkeepsie, New York; May 28; L. Hollingsworth Wood, 501 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Nebraska: Central City, Nebraska; June 3; M. Herbert Watson, Central City, Nebraska.

Oregon: Newberg, Oregon; June 10; Edward Mott, 1169 Kirby Street, Portland, Oregon.

California: Whittier, California; June 18; Allen U. Tomlinson, 142 South Friends, Whittier, California.

New England: Vassalboro, Maine; June 24; Lindley M. Binford, 169 Concord Street, Portland, Maine.

North Carolina: Guilford College, N. C.; August 5; Samuel L. Haworth, Guilford College, N. C.

Wilmington: Wilmington, Ohio; August 11; C. Clayton Terrell, New Vienna, Ohio.

Western: Plainfield, Indiana; August 18; Albert L. Copeland, Paoli, Indiana.

Ohio: Damascus, Ohio; August 26; Ralph S. Coppock, 711 Wright, Alliance, Ohio.

Iowa: Oskaloosa, Iowa; September 1; Edgar H. Stranahan, Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Indiana: Richmond, Indiana; September 22; Arthur M. Charles, Henley Road, Richmond, Indiana.

Kansas: Wichita, Kansas; October 14; Frank C. Brown, Haviland, Kansas.

Baltimore: Baltimore, Maryland; November 12; J. Hoge Ricks, 1506 Westwood Avenue, Richmond, Virginia.

## The American Friend

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## LOCAL MEETING DIRECTORY

### CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

4413 Indiana Ave. Take Indiana Surface Car, or South Side Elevated to 43d. Bible School 9:45; Worship 11:00 a. m. Second Sunday each month is Suburban day, with luncheon served at 12:30 and Discussion Group meeting at 2:00. Arnold B. Vaught, Pastor, 5618 Drexel Ave. Telephone Midway 0213. Names and addresses of Friends coming to Chicago should be sent to the above address.

### CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati Friends Meeting is held in the Carson Lodge Room, 218 Ludlow Avenue, Clifton, Cincinnati, Ohio. Bible School, 10:15, and Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Ministers, Henry G. and Jane E. Summerhayes, address, 3580 Lossing Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Visitors welcome.

### DETROIT, MICHIGAN

First Friends Church, 2691 Joy Road. Take Fourteenth car to Joy Road or Clairmount car to Linwood Ave. Bible School 10:00 a. m. Meetings for Worship 11:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor 6:30 p. m. Send names and addresses of people coming to Detroit to J. G. Mendenhall, 1202 Euclid Ave., West.

### LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Friends Meeting, 950 W. 17th St., corner of Toberman. Sabbath Meeting for worship, 11 a. m. Bible School, 9:45 a. m. Ernest Lamb, Minister.

## Out of Brotherly Love grew the Provident Mutual

In 1865 a group of Philadelphia Friends met to form a cooperative association in which they could insure their lives and the lives of other Friends throughout the country. This institution became the Provident Mutual Life Insurance Company. While other than Friends are welcome to its benefits, the Company has held closely to the ideals of thrift and good stewardship practised by its founders.

## Provident Mutual

Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia

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